

# Punch

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## The London Charivari

I SEE that hire-purchase is now available to the citizens of Moscow and that there is a "brisk sale for wireless sets and radiograms." I can't help feeling that if I were a Muscovite I should be very wary of entering into a hire-purchase agreement with GUM, which is, after all, a kind of government department. The letters you get from finance companies in this country when you are an instalment behind are terrifying enough, God knows; but think what might happen to the defaulting Russian. He might even find himself pilloried as a brand-new type of deviationist saboteur.

### No Bodyguard

SHEIKH MOHAMED MAHMOUD ES SAWWAF, who last week fled from Iraq into Syria, told reporters, "There is a clique of Communists around General Kassem." The General had not replied at the time of going to press, but is expected to say that he only wishes they had been around at the time of the shooting.

### Chimney Corner

I SEE that a New York municipal official says that fires are on the increase

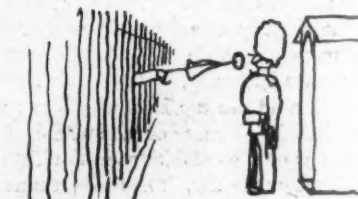


in the city, which is expected to have 60,000 by the end of the year. Bit of a let-down for a nation that makes such

a song and dance about its central heating.

### No Snapping at Tourists

ONE thing about the decision to put the Buckingham Palace sentries inside the forecourt—it's going to do wonders



for the amateur photographer whose pictures so often come out covered with vertical stripes that look like railings.

### Non-stop Progress

THE West German airline Lufthansa has withdrawn its transatlantic winter service from Manchester because, as a spokesman explained "Now we do not have to stop for refuelling it is not worth while landing at Manchester for the sole purpose of picking up passengers." This useful step forward is in line with the policy long pursued by British Railways, who also find intermediate stops a nuisance and have boldly closed hundreds of stations that were built for the sole purpose of picking up passengers. Forward-looking London bus drivers often follow the same trend. As I see it now, transport will never function with maximum speed and efficiency until these tiresome passengers are all compelled to start their journeys from the same spot and travel right on to whatever terminus the authorities think best.





*"In the studio to-night, to discuss the remarkable revival in the Party's fortunes, we have six Liberal M.P.s."*

In the air, the ultimate aim must be non-stop flights right round the world.

### Open Up

**B**OTH major Parties have committed themselves to the revision of the Sunday Observance Laws. At the moment we do enjoy bits of the Continental Sunday, but not the best bits. I can't see the Elgin Marbles or the Rokeby Venus or the Raphael Cartoons or the exhibitions at the Tate on Sunday morning. The theory seems to be that by keeping everything shut people are driven into the churches; but the alternatives are not Religion or Culture, but Religion or lying in bed with the Sunday papers. The Sabbatarians have lost, but the people who want recreation as well as rest have not won. And if the idea of importing these wild French ways into our respectable London seems horrifying, remember that the galleries and the churches *both* do better on Sunday in France than they do in Britain.

### Not Quite the Thing

**C**YNICS who see the City as a jungle may compare the code of behaviour which a working party is to draft for take-over bids with the international rules of war as apt to be waived when the balloon goes up. A "code of behaviour" suggests an elaborate social ritual of other days, perhaps establishing the correct time to leave a card at the house of the tycoon you plan to put out of business or the approved duration and depth of mourning for the director you have pole-axed. "Ethical," quite an

O.K. word lately in advertising and other not wholly other-worldly fields, may soon be peppered all over the financial columns and the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street become synonymous with Mrs. Grundy.

### Loyalties

**H**ONESTLY, I think Mr. Edwin Sutherland was wrong to withdraw his advertising from Granada TV because they don't end the day's transmission with the National Anthem. He must know that in most homes it will simply be disregarded. If he wants to end the day with "God Save the Queen" there is nothing to stop him playing it on his piano; but really, isn't there a risk that too many renderings of this hymn will cloud its significance? Where are we to stop? Does Mr. Sutherland, for example, call for the National Anthem every time he finishes reading a book?

### Wrong End of the Crozier

**T**HERE must be various reasons why men should steal croziers from bishops, but the man who recently stole the crozier belonging to the Bishop of Exeter and tried to sell it in a pub, believing it to be a musical instrument, must surely be unique among crozier-pinchers. I can imagine the old hands, with a lifetime's experience behind them and their attics



*"I still can't believe I'm here."*

### "AS THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN"

The second in the series of drawings in colour by Hewison, "As They Might Have Been," will appear next week. The subject is:

**RANDOLPH CHURCHILL**

stuffed with croziers, laughing up their sleeves. "Trying to blow a tune on it, he was. Told 'em in the bar it was an E flat one, and would come in handy for a bit of the old liturgical. I tell you, the crozier-snatching lark's attracting a very rum crowd nowadays."

### Cad-calls

**S**OMETHING did not ring quite true in a report of a clash at Twickenham between teddy boys and a procession of schoolboys on their way to church. According to the *Daily Telegraph*, the teddy boys started the fray by calling out "Sissies! Milksops!" If teddy boys really used the word "milksop" as a taunt I am prepared to believe that they also berate the lieges with "Nincompoop," "Muff," "Mollycoddle" and "Bounder." In any event, it is hardly for teddy boys to upbraid others for sopping milk. Are they not notoriously the product of milk bars?

### The Men You Can Trust

**M**R. JOHN ARLOTT'S honest, famous face continues to look out of the tobacco advertisements. Would it have continued to do so if he now had M.P. after his name instead of merely TV? I don't know why we see so few of our elected representatives hammering us with their good opinion of hair-tonics, motor-cars, frozen foods and (inevitably) detergents. Can it be that the hard-headed advertising world attaches no celebrity-value to their names and faces? Perhaps some of the limelight-acclimatized new boys like Chataway will set an example to such modest veterans as Silverman, Nabarro and company, and a change will set in.

### By the Way

**T**HE old agonies have departed from the Agony Column, only to give place to new ones. In *The Times* the other day an advertiser said that he "desperately wanted" back numbers of *La Vie Parisienne*. —MR. PUNCH





FIRST LIGHT

# THE ROAD TO 1984

*A series of probes for proles.*

*This week's subject is . . .*



## Britain's Population By SUSAN STRANGE

**T**HE Registrar-General is the government's Archangel Gabriel—lofty, respectable and minutely accurate. Not a birth, marriage or death takes place but his minions report it, and it is conscientiously recorded in his files. All these major crises of our human lives are carefully classified, minutely analysed and antiseptically rendered into cold statistics.

At the same time he is required to play a secondary role—incongruous and almost necromantic—that of Population Prophet. Unfailingly, each quarter, he produces detailed estimates of the future

population—by sex and age to the nearest thousand—five, ten, twenty, thirty and even forty years ahead: a job that surely calls for all the pagan gifts of the fortune-teller—for intuition, if not second sight. By 1984 I am willing to bet that a doctorate in Feminine Psychology (which is probably the nearest twentieth-century equivalent) will be the least of the qualifications needed by the new Director of the Central Office of Estimates of Demographic Potential.

(It would be nice to speculate on alternative titles for the reformed department—the Official Bureau for the Scientific Calculation of Estimates of National Evolution, for example. But probably the Treasury would object that this might complicate problems of recruitment.)

Now clearly the trickiest part of population forecasting lies in guessing about the unborn—and for 1984 that includes everybody up to the age of 25, or round about a third of the total population. Nuclear wars and similar catastrophes apart, it is a good deal easier to guess at how many of those alive to-day will still be here in 1984, or even 1994, than it is to predict what size of family the toddlers and teenagers of to-day will want when they grow up.

This is where a good many of the forecasts made before, during and even after the war came badly unstuck. In the United States, particularly, a lot of demographic experts have been sadly

confounded by the prolific waywardness of the newest generation of American Moms. The demographers thought that a mature population which had passed through the big expansion that comes with industrialization and falling death-rates would settle down at the comparatively low birth rates of the 'thirties, and that such populations, as fewer girls came to maturity, would then slowly decline.

"Not a bit of it" (or something ruder) said the girls, and proceeded to have three or four kids where their mothers had had one or two. And the U.S. population goes up year by year.

It's just possible that something similar might happen here. Since 1955 the birth-rate in England and Wales has started steadily to rise, and the last recorded figures show the highest rate since 1949, which was the penultimate year of the famous post-war "bulge." It has led the poor Registrar General to add an obscurely sheepish footnote to his latest estimates. It is worth quoting:

In view of recent marriage and fertility experience (*sic*) the assumptions made in the previous projection have been modified. The revised estimates give annual births averaging 725,000 in the first five years, 740,000 in the next ten years, rising gradually to 790,000 in 1997 and thereafter. (M/F ratio 1.06 throughout.)

What this adds up to is that a very small and slow rise in the birth-rate is all the Registrar-General dares cautiously to hazard. The present rate is



*"He got it for drinking."*

16.4 per thousand. At 750,000 in 1969 the rate would still be below 17 per thousand, and a long way still below the New York rate of 20 or 21 per thousand. Considering that the rate has already risen in four years from 15 to 16.4 per thousand, a guess at a similar rise to 18 per thousand over the next ten years is, I think, at least a possible bet. This would make quite a substantial difference to the population estimates for 1984; and, from the point of view of the schools, toy manufacturers, education authorities and others concerned, it would make the freak years not the post-war bulge but the post-bulge trough of births from 1950 to 1955.

There are several reasons—if that is the right word for what is largely a matter of feminine psychology—to support such a bet. One is prosperity; when a large number of families enjoy a steady, and even slightly rising income, the big pinch comes with the first child, when two wage-earners are cut to one. After that, one mouth more or less is no longer the major problem it often was in the 'thirties. This is where the statisticians with their chat about "marriage and fertility experience" are completely haywire. As if all that determined the number of babies born was the number of marriages and the percentage of fertile women! Even a little elementary social research would tell them, for one thing, that a great many couples do attempt, if not always

successfully, to plan their families—and that, therefore, family economics has a direct bearing on what they call fertility. And, for another, that the birth-rate is also affected by the number of illegitimate births and by the number, and age, of the girls who "have to get married"—for the younger they are, the longer is their effective reproductive span of years, and the shorter the odds on a large family.

Another factor that may bear investigating before 1984 is upon us is whether a reaction is brewing to feminine independence, equal pay and all that. Not that a good many girls won't be glad of the opportunities opened up to them over the first three quarters of a century. But a great many more may also decide that there is less drudgery in a washing-machine than in an assembly-line or a filing cabinet; and, as they gratefully exchange one for the other, may decide to make their own bid for a productivity record. Conceivably, this might be matched by their husbands, some of the "Teds" of to-day, who would find a new way to express the masculine assertiveness which is so far only visible in various forms of adolescent exhibitionism.

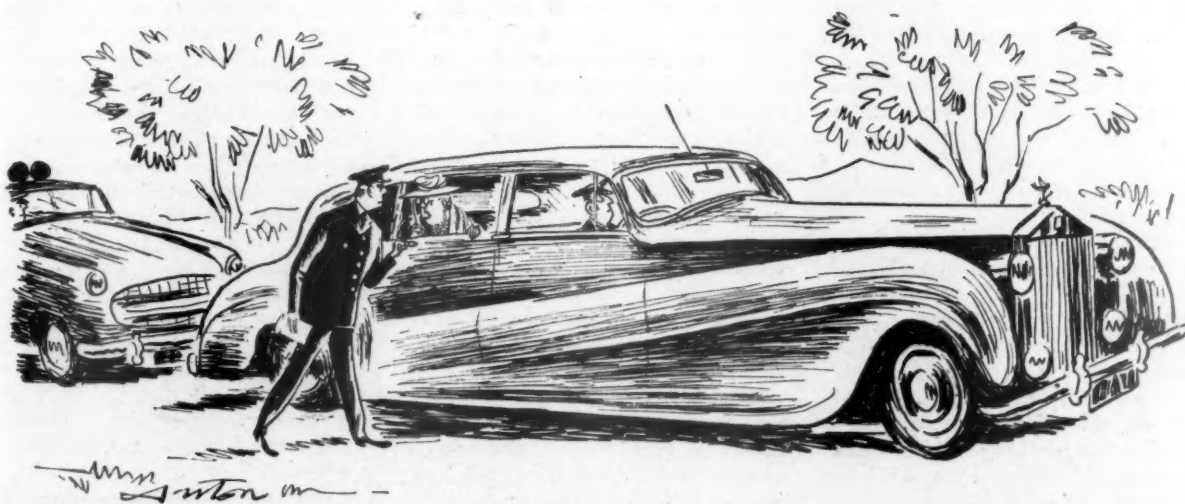
Finally, there is the divorce rate. Apart from wagging grave heads about it, how much work have the experts done on its social consequences? They know that about 10 per cent of first marriages end in divorce and that some 70 per

cent of divorced men and 60 per cent of divorced women soon remarry. They say that divorced couples have fewer-than-average children. But what then? How common is the "One of mine, two of hers, three of ours" family? If most children are born in the first ten years of first marriages, how many more are born to the twice-married?

The one thing that seems fairly clear is that there is no such thing, after all, as the typical mature population. Populations, like people, refuse to fit into the neat patterns the experts draw for them. How do they explain the difference between Denmark with a low birth-rate and New Zealand with a very high one? Anyway, for what it's worth, my bet is that Britain in 1984 will have a lot more children and larger families than we have now, and that they will be wondering what on earth to do with a lot of unwanted two-bedroomed flats and houses.

But if that does happen, a lot of people will say, won't we be in a pretty tough position, with all those children to support as well as the Ageing Population everyone is always talking about?

Catastrophes and unforeseen epidemics apart, it certainly looks as if there will be more older people around then than now. With death-rates in middle-age slowly falling still, there are bound to be more aged survivors. And by 1984 the over-seventies will be



"Kindly go to the tradesmen's entrance, will you?"





coming from the comparatively numerous youngsters born in the halcyon years before the First War. The Registrar-General's estimates give nearly half a million men and women over 85 in 1988, and practically 6 million women over 60 and over 3 million men over 65. This sounds a lot and it undoubtedly creates problems for the National Insurance system and for pensions generally.

But I seriously doubt if people in 1984 are going to notice, either politically or socially, all that much difference from to-day. Counting pensioners as men over 65 and women over 60, the percentage of total population is expected to be only about 2½ per cent more than now, and it seems hardly possible that changes will not have been made in the next 25 years to make the transition from an active working life into a pensioned old age a much more flexible and gradual process than it is now. And as the economists point out, if even part of our expectation of rising living standards comes about it will be a problem not of finding the resources to maintain the old people but of distributing the surplus so that they are well provided for.

Our population problems in Britain—and indeed in Western Europe generally—will in any case be completely dwarfed in 1984 by those of all the other much faster-growing countries and continents in the world. China's population, now estimated at 640 million, will probably have risen to over 1,000 million; the U.S.S.R.'s 250 million to nearly 320 million. Even the United States by 1984 will have added, it is thought, nearly 70 million to its present 176 million. In a world population that

the United Nations thinks will have swollen from around 2,882 million to around 4,660 million, the Briton, however prolific, will be only one in seventy-seven, compared with one in fifty-seven to-day.

Immigration is another factor that is altogether left out of current British estimates. The official estimates allow for no changes at all from people leaving and entering the country between now and 1998. Again, they are inhibited by caution. In the inter-war years (whose experience seems in other respects to obsess them) there was a net loss by emigration up to 1931 and a net gain from immigration thereafter. In the second post-war period, again, more people left than entered the country for good. About what is happening now, there seems to be a certain amount of official reticence; whether this is due to professional or political caution is hard to say.

However, whether the immigrants of the present and future ever go to the trouble of formally entering, by naturalization, the "home population" as distinct from the "total population" does not seem to me to matter very much. The great majority are working and they are all helping the country's total output and contributing to taxation and National Insurance. On balance it is more likely that growing numbers of young West Indians, Africans, Maltese and whatnot (not to mention the Irish) will come to spend some of their working lives in this country, than that British emigration to the States and the Commonwealth will markedly increase. A good deal depends here on the power of the trade unions and how far they try and succeed in future in blocking

acceptance of foreign workers in this country. Nevertheless, it is not impossible that by 1984 an intelligent immigration policy will have solved the much-discussed problem of an ageing population.

Much more interesting, to my mind, are the industrial, managerial and administrative effects of the coming to middle-age of the teenagers and the twenties of to-day. And the political, too, though that is still harder to speculate about.

The situation to-day is that the present population shows three distinct bulges. One is the school-age bulge which is already making it harder for the first of the school-leavers to find jobs. The second is the post-1919 bulge, now men and women in their thirties. And the third bulge is the children of the real Edwardians, now approaching or a bit over 50. Comparatively less competition to-day faces those in the early 40s (born in the 1914-18 trough) and those in their twenties (born in the depressed and fearful 1930s).

The 1984 picture will be something of a contrast to this. The years of early middle-age (or the prime of life, if you'd rather) will be intensely competitive, for that is where the post-45 bulge will be. This will be the moment when the depression-children—who will then be in their comfortable fifties and presumably will have had a comparatively cushy time of it so far—will have to watch out. Especially, probably, the mid-forties who are packing the Espresso-bars, and the teddy-boy gangs to-day.

For better or worse a good deal of power and responsibility in 1984 will lie with the children of the early 1920s. They will then be in their early 60s—some will be influential, many more will be less successful, but all will be coming to an age when they start to think about pensions. It may not have struck the statisticians, but it sticks out a mile that if the pension problem isn't solved already, this is the generation which will set about doing it and with the greatest possible speed and determination.

Further contributors to this series will be:

**WILLIAM CLARK  
DESMOND DONNELLY  
JOHN MIDGLEY**

# A Chair of Leisure

By H. F. ELLIS

**B**OTH political parties had something to say about leisure before the Election, but neither of them, I think, was quite so forthright on the subject as Lord James of Rusholme, the High Master of Manchester Grammar School, who a week or two ago told an audience that "the rediscovery of leisure should be the chief aim of schools and universities."

Lord James no doubt said more than that. Certainly he must have embroidered and amplified his remark, explaining the importance of leisure in school and university life, and illustrating its precise significance, as a High Master should, with wise saws and modern instances. But I don't want to know about that. I like the statement in all its splendid, unvarnished simplicity. The rediscovery of leisure should be the *chief* aim of schools and universities. How different, how very different from the life of our own dear school!

*Otium ante omnia*—no such motto graced the arms of the sort of places you and I attended. *Labor, discimus* and *perseverando* were among the words with which our founders, or later toadies, sought to cheer and strengthen us. I do not recall that leisure, as an aim, was ever dwelt on by any of the masters, housemasters, headmasters or other flotsam that from time to time butted me about in life's early waters. If, on one of those occasions when the whole school is assembled for grave words from the top, we had suddenly been

told that what we all needed was more free time I believe we should have suspected irony. What, we should have asked each other, is the old devil up to now? It would certainly never have occurred to us that he meant what he said, that too much study maketh an empty boy.

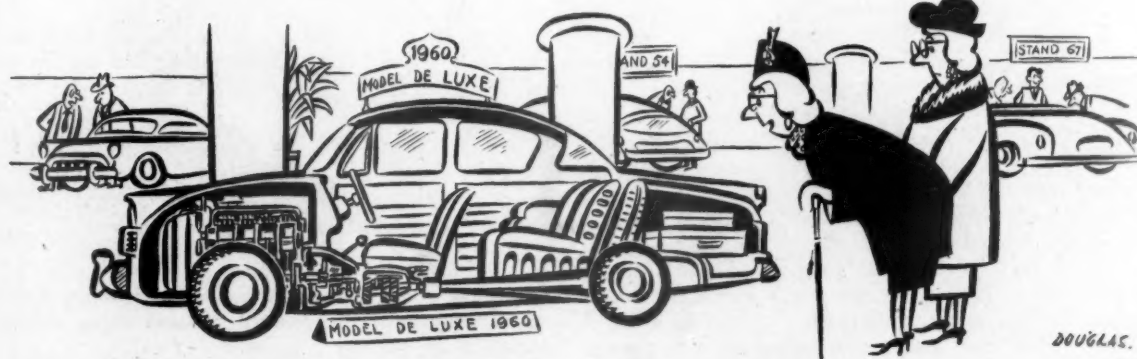
To-day, I suppose, boys take that kind of thing in their stride—or soon will do if the High Master's challenge is widely taken up. It shows, more clearly than anything that has come my way in years, how swiftly the world changes, how utterly out of touch are we old buffers with the life of the young. The rediscovery of leisure! How will they set about it in this brave new world of overswotted boys and girls? Will there be a Leisure Master, to advise, to guide, to tap the studios on the shoulder and tell them to put those books away? If so, he will have to be carefully chosen. His will be a delicate task, calling for rare gifts of unobtrusive leadership. He must not *organize*, for leisure means free time, time to do what you like, and to organize it is to destroy it. He may suggest, I suppose, but he must certainly not pin up on the school board any such self-contradictory notice as "All boys will do Leisure from 2.30 to 4 p.m. this afternoon." He will have to set a good example, ensuring that he is constantly discovered and rediscovered in leisurely attitudes and situations; and he will, of course, be responsible for

filling up the "Leisure" item on the end-of-term reports. "He has tried hard, but still finds difficulty in keeping away from Algebra. He should sit about in deck chairs more, or collect stamps."

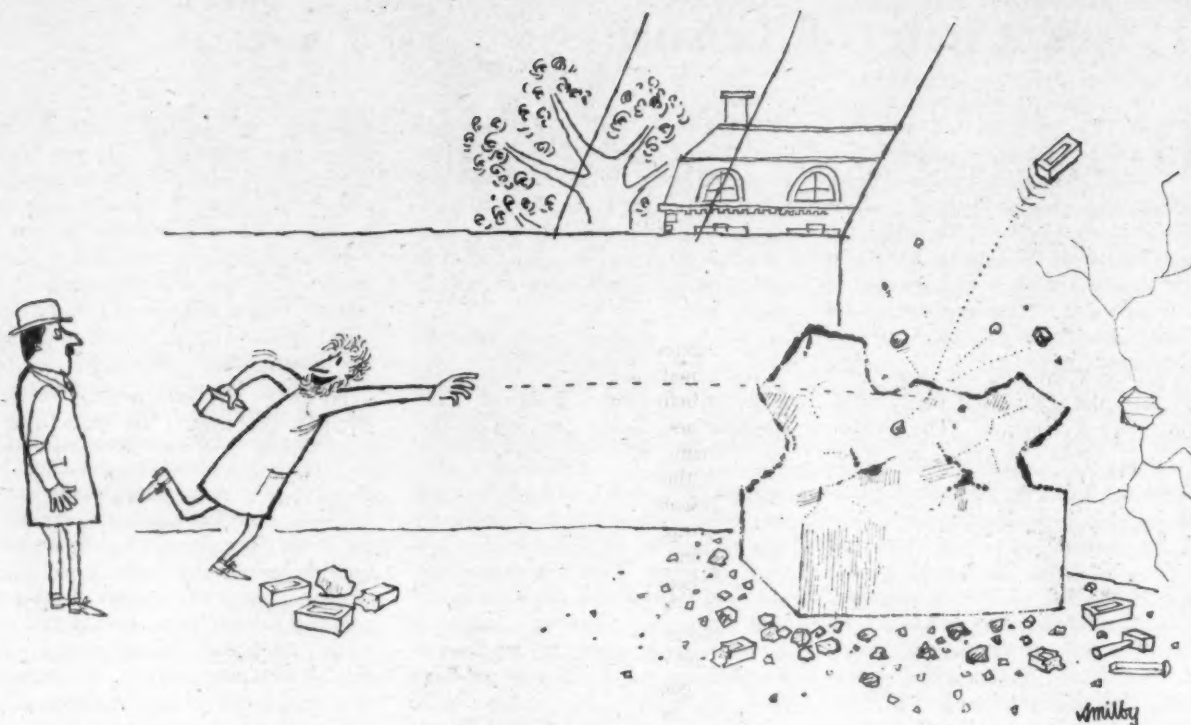
I find it difficult, now that I have written that last sentence, to believe that any parent will ever in cold fact be called upon to read it. Nor is it easy to see exactly where, among the list of Subjects on the report, Leisure could take its place. Hardly right at the bottom, where boys' schools put P.T. and girls schools used to put Deportment; hardly, even, sandwiched somewhere between Latin and Mathematics, for Leisure is to be not merely *an* aim but the *chief* aim of schools. It will have to come right at the top, and I am not sure that it ought not to be reported on by the headmaster. "I am sorry to say that his obstinate industry, which came to a head in his success in the G.C.E. 'A' level examinations, makes it necessary for me . . ."

Well, after all, a boy who will not make an effort to prepare himself for life in a thirty-hour-a-week world must make way for others better fitted to enjoy all the free time the school has to offer.

I feel easier in my mind about leisure in the universities. We used to have a shot at it now and again in the old days, and if the young people have given it up in recent years the High Master is quite right to recall them to their responsibilities. A Chair of Leisure



"Perhaps it's for sale by instalments."



"Action sculpture."

might be a useful innovation, and I wouldn't mind having a shot at designing it. Something long and low in leather, with one of those attachments for holding a glass of whisky on the right arm-rest. I should even be prepared to occupy it, given a reasonable honorarium. Undergraduates could come to me with every confidence to discuss their leisure problems, and my inaugural lecture would be something that would be remembered for many a day. I don't think myself that there should, at any rate in the early stages, be a School of Leisure, nor that honours degrees should be obtainable in the subject. That would tend to cut into the Professor's free time, and perhaps eventually unfit him for his post. What I have in mind is general supervision of postgraduate research into the whole business of fleeing the time away, together with occasional lectures and tutorials for the benefit of undergraduates who have lost, or never acquired, the knack of putting their feet up and broadening their minds. Diffi-

cult cases would be sent to me, I dare say, by college tutors, who are particularly well placed to detect overearnestness, inordinately long essays, and other signs of an unhealthy dedication to work. A lifetime's experience of doing this and that, instead of the other thing, would be at the service of the unfortunate youngsters. Together, in easeful comradeship, they and their wise old mentor would seek to rediscover the secrets of that fuller, richer, less intensive life our forefathers knew.

Which forefathers? I don't know. We could argue pleasantly about that for hours, my students and I. Talk is an excellent way of filling in free time—always provided it is not about politics or religion, which are too much like work. I should bar those subjects, *ex cathedra*.

I should also bar the High Master of Manchester Grammar School from lecturing in my University. It might turn out that his conception of the leisure that needs rediscovering was quite different from mine.

## Jam Tomorrow

*The new Staines by-pass is to cross the Thames by Runnymede.*

**H**ISTORIANS are sometimes disenchanted With Magna Carta. Just, they say, a symbol, Needless had John been stronger or more nimble. And not for four despotic centuries Did English people take the liberties They take, to-day, for granted.

By the same token, he would be no prophet Who thought the freedom of the roads decreed Because this by-pass starts at Runnymede. Car after car with palpitating bonnet Is doomed to stand there, waiting to get on it Or waiting to get off it.

— PETER DICKINSON



# Essay on Essays

By R. G. G. PRICE

## A schoolmaster remembers

**D**URING the past year I have visited, for one reason or another, Hampton Court, the Derby and the National Gallery; but never with quite that utter absorption in what I saw that is the mark of maturity. The ghostly presence of my old pupils, who had so often written essays about visits to Sights, formed a light fog round me. Their essays normally concentrated on food and transport: the Sight itself rarely rated more than a sentence. The British Museum would be dismissed cursorily: "Inside we saw a mummy and a notice about leaving umbrellas." Often they dragged Cromwell in somewhere. I do not think my worst critic could accuse me of harping on Cromwell, so I suppose they all acquired a taste for him at home. Anyway, there he was—buried in St. Paul's, founding the Zoo, being executed at the Tower.

When I began, examiners were still expecting candidates to be grammatical

about *A Day at the Sea* or *A Visit to the Country*, or even (for some examiners were Scotch and had a taste for abstract argument) *Summer Compared with Winter*. I once found in the bookstore an old text-book containing four hundred essay subjects graded by age, so that a new boy could be mentally preparing for what he would have to tackle at sixteen. There they all were, the traditional subjects I had read about but never before met: *The Morals of the Market-Place*, *Genius Loci* and all the rest of them. In a wild experiment I tried my thirteen-year-olds with *The Age of Chivalry is Dead—Burke*. Most of them simply said that in the days of chivalry men wore armour; now they did not; therefore the Age of Chivalry was dead. One or two of the more conscientious tried to wring a further sentence out of their material by saying this was a good thing. A Canadian boy variegated the monotony by writing about banging tin cans under the

windows of newly-weds, a meaning the word has acquired in that high-spirited Dominion, where the custom is also called "rough music." He was obviously shocked at my risqué choice of essay subjects.

When I was able to put into practice a little more of the pedagogy that was lying unused in my lecture-notes I encouraged the writing of fiction; but I tended, I think, to bemuse my pupils by my rather highbrow attitude to the novelist's problems. In those days Ford Madox Ford was always talking about the time-shift, but not the kind of time-shift introduced by "I forgot to say." The subtleties of "Point of View" meant little to writers who used the first and third person indiscriminately in narration. Nor did they appreciate my insistence on the use of the opening to establish a moral stance. Their idea of an opening was "So Mike said I'll shoot and when Sullivan was dead he went after the Viper and it was



"I'm glad you brought up economical running, sir . . ."

# Man in Apron

by *Larry*



in a town now." I remember one story that began in the middle of a trial scene with the words "I saw him do it" shouted witness. 'Follow up next man' cried judge."

One avant-garde teaching method that appealed to me was oral composition. It gave a lesson vivacity and at the end there was nothing you had to take away and correct. Boys generally reproduced a story that was currently appearing in a comic and were heckled if they deviated from the story-line. In the more imaginative type of story the trouble was that allegory would keep breaking in. It always dawned on the boys long before it dawned on me that the Thing with Detachable Eyes represented the Headmaster. Attempts at other literary forms did not, in my experience, come off. Drama tended to be all stage directions—"earthquake," "a lot of blood comes out of the man," "the town burns brightly." Verse suffered from the belief that the number of feet in a line in any particular metre was a minimum. Attempts to link English with History by asking for letters to, from and between historical characters led to openings like "Dear Napoleon,—Yesterday my aunty took us for a picnic."

While I was taking lowish forms I saw little of the essay as practised in the classier parts of the school, and by the time I was teaching in them myself my pupils were writing about Gladstone and Dickens rather than *The Characteristics of Spring* or *Are Inventions Beneficial?* so I never got the slant of the maturer mind on these vexed, illimitable topics. I believe that there are schools

where the same type of essay is set to seniors as to juniors: instead of reproducing the latest serial from a comic they reproduce the latest Ian Fleming and their responses to invitations to describe their half-term holidays ignore buses and lollies in favour of dance-halls and girls. Masters have not merely to correct but to censor. I never taught in them.

The nearest I ever got to seeing what went on in the mind of the late teenager was that sometimes in my early days I was given solitary pupils who did not fit into the normal time-table because they were working for obscure, almost vestigial, exams. I enjoyed these sessions because I could talk about anything that was interesting me at the moment on the ground that it might be set as an essay subject; but the boys rather resented being taken by me, thinking that as I took low forms I had got stuck there. They could not believe that anyone went through a Sixth Form and a University only to end up in the Lower Third. (These assignments were often extremely odd. I once had a boy who said he was sitting for a bank entrance exam which had a set book and this set book was on *Indexing*.)

The formal essay lingered curiously out beyond the top of the educational system. Mediaevalists being examined for Fellowships wrote on *Lost Causes* and Egyptologists picked for the British Museum had to take a paper in arithmetic and write for three hours on Detective Novels. It may have died out everywhere by now. We all know that everything in education is better nowadays. People are always saying so. They have been saying so for centuries. Yet only a quarter of a century ago there was one Headmaster who measured the weekly essays done in his school with a ruler to see that all the paragraphs were the same length. Though writing English is a serious educational activity in most schools to-day, I am quite sure that here and there you could still find small boys laboriously listing points in favour of *Cricket v. Football* or *Protection v. Free Trade*.

☆

"Anyone with more than 1.5 cubic centimetres of blood in their body is, in the eyes of the law, intoxicated and unfit to drive."—*Newcastle Evening Chronicle*

There, but for the grace . . .





"The red ribbon on the brake-pedal's my husband's idea."

## Juvenes Dumb Sumus

By PAUL DEHN

**W**HY don't you run along and put your feet up, Nanny? Simon and I'll be quite happy alone. He's going to do a charade for his old uncle. No, I know he doesn't, but I'll explain. Yes, we'll call out if we want you. No, I won't let him get over-excited. Yes, I—oh, Nanny, run along.

There. Now, Simon, this is an acting game called Dumb Crambo and it's called "dumb" because you're not allowed to speak. Clear so far? Simon, I said clear so far? I said CLEAR—don't be a fool, Simon, the game hasn't begun yet. I'll tell you when to be dumb. Clear . . . so . . . far?

Oh. Well, it's called Crambo because . . . because . . . well, I expect Crambo was the name of the man who invented it. Well, a great many names are funny. It's no funnier than . . . than Bimbo. Yes, I do, actually. He's a brigadier and a member of my—Simon, do you want to play Dumb Crambo?

Well, then, listen. All you have to do is think of a word and then act it without speaking. But in order to give me a clue to the word you've thought of (which you *don't* tell me) you tell me another word which the word you've thought of (but didn't tell me) *rhymes* with. Clear?

There's nothing to cry about, Simon. It's only a game and it's meant to be

fun. Look, I'll give you an example to make it easier.

Supposing the word you've thought of is—is "drink." You'd say "Uncle, it's something to rhyme with *ink*." And then you'd act drinking without speaking.

Thank you, I'm perfectly well aware it's impossible to speak while you're drinking but that isn't the point—SIMON PUT DOWN THAT INK-BOTTLE IT'S POISON YOU'LL DIE WELL SPIT IT OUT.

No, not on the carpet—in your hankie. Well, *my* hankie. Now wipe your mouth. Oh. All right, with my other hankie.

Better? Splendid. Now we can get on with the game. First, tell me the

rhyme to the word you're going to act. Ash? How exciting. Let's see, that could be bash, crash, gash, gnash, lash, slash, smash, thrash . . . that's not a very good word, Simon; think of another. BECAUSE I SAY SO.

Boat? Right. Something to rhyme with boat. Now act it without speaking. Um . . .

Caterpillar . . .? Simon, I'm perfectly well aware that caterpillar doesn't rhyme with boat. I was just thinking aloud and anyway you're *not supposed* to SPEAK. Act again.

Too fast for a caterpillar . . . Got it! STOAT! No? Mind your head on the fender, Simon, your *head* on the *fen*—GOAT! No? Well, don't start crying again, it isn't bleeding. Go on acting.

Buffalo . . . Great Dipper . . . Mind the desk, Simon, the *des*—nonsense, it's only a graze. I say, whatever you're acting, it moves quite fast and bobs up and down like a—like a . . . FLOAT! Well, something on the water, then. MOAT! No?

I've got it. OAT. An oat could bob up and down, if there was a wind. On the stalk, I mean. Very good, Simon. Very good indeed. Oh. Well, if it isn't oat, I give up. What was it?

But, Simon, it *can't* be BOAT. That was what the word had to *rhyme* with. BOAT doesn't rhyme with BOAT. No, it *doesn't*. You can't rhyme the same word with the same word. You can only rhyme a word with another word that rhymes with it. So you have to act a *different* word like—THROAT or —

Simon. Simon, I forbid you to look at me like that. Simon, leave my collar alone. Ach! Let go, Simon. Ach! Dammit, Simon, I said—Ach! Ach! Nanny! NANNY!

### PRESENT LAUGHTER

**T**O mention Christmas now seems alarmist, and we apologize. It is simply to remind you that far-flung friends, muttering last dates for posting, are already busy with paper and string and greetings, and that this is the year you swore to send early (last year), and really get in first (at last). So let us send them PUNCH throughout 1960. You'll get in not only first but fifty-two times. No paper, no string. We even send the greetings on your behalf to arrive at Christmas. (But you will have to send us the name and address of yourself and your friend together with a remittance to Department ED., PUNCH, 10 Bouverie St., London, E.C.4.) Subscription details (including all seasonal numbers plus the extra *Punch Almanack*):

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## "When the Vehicle is Stationary . . ."

A personal report on road manners

By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

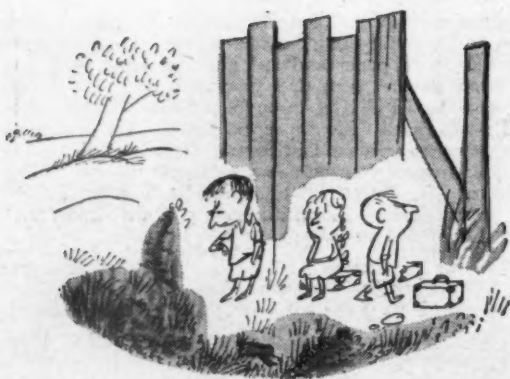
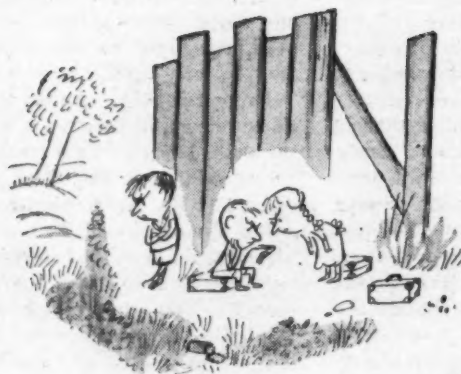
WHENEVER I am held up in the Quarry Street, Guildford, bottleneck I find myself being stared at. The overt insolence of the man at the wheel of the car alongside has to be experienced to be believed: his Jaguar (but sometimes it is an Austin, a Morris, Ford or Vauxhall) judders to a stop, he pulls up the handbrake and fixes me with a look of unmistakable hostility. Why?

He *stares*, and I am so shocked by this display of rudeness that I cannot take my eyes off him. We do not speak, but our thoughts are brilliantly legible . . .

"So it's *you* again," I think. "And *still* staring. What's the big idea! Go on, Mac, have a good look! You're summing me up, aren't you? Well, what's so odd about a bit of tissue paper sticking to a man's chin? I suppose you've never nicked *your* face while shaving. Well, if you run your hand over your ugly mug, as I'm doing now, you'll realize that *your* shave wasn't so hot this morning either. You look the kind of chap who makes one Gillette last a fortnight and gets his blades bought out of the wife's housekeeping money. *Will you stop staring, you ape?* Me? *I'm not staring.* It's just that I find it relaxing to take my eye off the back of the car in front. I wouldn't mind reading the paper for a few minutes, but it's strapped away in my brief-case, and besides . . . I'm *not* staring, you chump. But look at you! Eyes like gimlets. NOSEY perishing Parker . . .

"Oh, you can't fool me. I know exactly what you're thinking. You'll never see me again, so you don't have to worry about my reactions. You can be rude, infernally rude, and *get away with it*. Am I right? In a couple of minutes you'll be away and you won't give a damn what I think about you. Bandit! Go on, stare away!

"Well, if you must know, my tie happens to be a cricket club tie. Grasshoppers to be exact. And I'm wearing the thing out of season because I'd nothing else to go with this brown suit. Anyway, who are you to criticize? That thing round your neck I wouldn't be seen dead in. That's the



tie of a wide boy if ever I saw one. Too light, man. Too light altogether. Funny, I've always associated ties like that with big hire-purchase operators. Yes, *could* be. It all fits. Two side-mirrors on the wings, car radio, the hair-cream slightly overdone. And that tie. Go on, stare away!

"Oh!

"And if you think it's more polite to beam in that offensively superior fashion than to tell me as man to man that I've left my trafficator on and that the off-side light's been winking for two minutes, then you've got another think coming. Typical. Why couldn't you just jerk your thumb or something? You think I don't know the trafficator's on, don't you? Well, you're wrong, bud, wrong. How wrong can a bud be? I've known all along, and I'm damned if I'm going to switch it off to please you. That's exactly what you *would* like, isn't it? Well, you won't get me that way.

"Listen, I switched that indicator on at Shalford, a mile or two back, when I went round a cyclist, and I'll bet that's something your type *never* do. Oh no, I've been right behind your type and watched you weaving and swerving all over the road. As if you owned it. Those trafficators are meant to be *used*, pal, and if they're left on a bit longer than they should be who's the loser? People behind drive more carefully, don't they, when they're foxed by trafficators?

"Anyway, smart guy, how do you know I'm not going *right* at the next turn? You don't, do you? Keep staring, brother. Let me tell you that I sometimes go to the station by the indirect route—up the High Street, and then round through the Market Place and so on. And that's just what I'm going to do this morning. Sometimes I do, sometimes I don't, and it's my own decision one way or the other. Not yours. Understand? I can go the long way round if I want to, can't I? Would it be sensible to have the *other* trafficator out if I meant to turn right? No, then mind your own business.

"If I want to buy a packet of cigarettes at the top of the High Street I shall *buy* a packet of cigarettes at the top of the High Street, and nobody will stop me. See? Even if it does mean going the long way round to the station and getting the 9.26 instead of the 9.9. Irrational? That's what you'd never understand, you gormless clot. I'm a free agent, independent, not one of your machine-agé robots. So you can forget all about my trafficators. That's *my* problem.

"I don't honestly think I've seen an uglier mug behind a wheel since that cove on the Kingston by-pass. I'm only

looking at you, let me tell you, because I'm mildly interested to know how long you intend to keep up this boorish behaviour.

"Oh, so that's it—the package on the back seat. Ah! Can't make out what it is, eh? Well, you're wrong again, matey—it's not a crate of Scotch. Know what it is? I'll tell you. No, why should I? Why should I take the trouble to explain my movements? I shall pop that record-player into the radio repair shop *some* time this week, when I've got the time, and not before. Get it? And it's no business of yours. And the bit of red and black rep over the top isn't camouflage, my dear sir, it's a sample of curtain material that I've promised my wife to return to Bilston's. Fooled again!

"Yes, it will be interesting to see which lane gets moving first. And I can imagine the lofty air of smug superiority that'll settle across your dial if it should be *your* lane. Well, we'll see. And we'll also see how you get away from a standing start. I've seen 'em, lots of 'em. They rev up and jump off and then realize that they've left the handbrake on. That'll be you, I shouldn't wonder. I've never known a man with ears like those who *doesn't* leave the handbrake on.

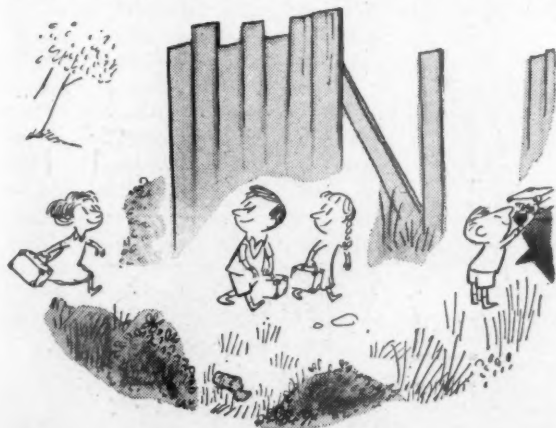
"Oh, to blazes with you! I'm not tangling with you any more. Got more important things to do and think about than sit here waiting for you to stop staring. Unless of course you think you're staring me out—out of countenance. Try it, bud, try it! And see who gives way first. Not this chicken. If that's the way you want it, that's the way you'll get it. Keep looking, chum!

"I don't suppose it occurred to you that by switching off you could have saved petrol. But what does saving mean to a fellow who obviously runs an expense-account car? Company's car, company's petrol. Who cares? I saw enough of your lot at the Election and I don't . . .

"Hello, car in front's moving. Now then, who's going to give way first? *You* are, me old cock sparrer. Stop tooting behind there, blast you! Go on, Jack, shove off . . .

"Ah, he's going. Beaten you, beaten you! Start in bottom—whoa, you brute, whoa! Switch on again. Damn! I'd left the choke out. Well, that's the last of *that* Nosey Parker. But of course he'll still be watching my trafficators in his mirror. Mustn't switch 'em to a left turn until he's over the rise and out of sight. Oh, to hell with him. Oh, no, not *another* hold-up . . .

"Hullo, Mr. Sunbeam-Talbot, what do you think *you're* staring at . . .!"





## SOME HINTS ON YOUR ADVANCED PEDESTRIAN TEST

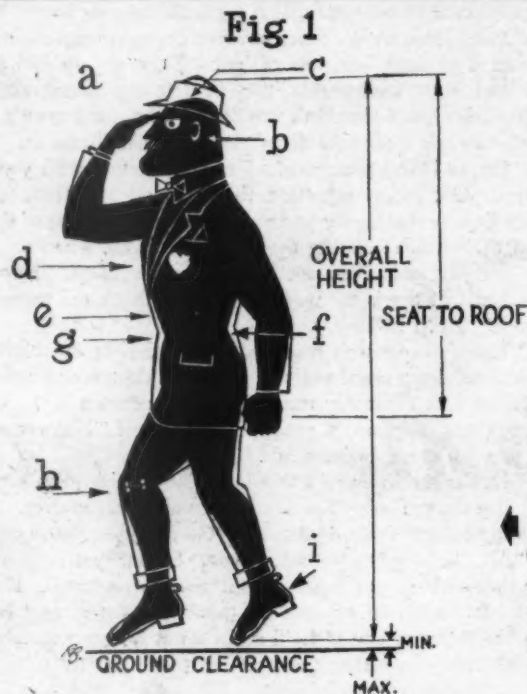
**M**ORE and more pedestrians are eager for the right to display the tasteful "A.P." badge in their lapel. It carries no specific privileges, but may well swing the verdict in favour of the pedestrian who wears it, once he is out of hospital and well enough to institute proceedings. It should not be confused

with the Veteran Pedestrian badge, which does nothing beyond declaring that the wearer, after ten, twenty, thirty, etc., years' walking, remains free from fatal injury.

The test is a stiff one. A first essential is complete street-worthiness in the subject. Ministry of Transport examiners,

all experienced footgoers with not less than 10,000 miles on their pedometers and three or more court findings in their favour, are entitled to reject applicants falling below the required standards of physical fitness. (Fig. 1.)

Pedestrians desirous of taking the test will do well to undergo preliminary



SCALE 1:12

**Fig. 2**

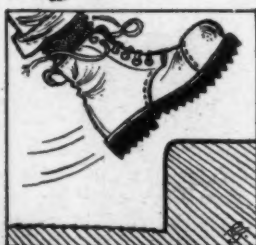


A specimen test under Ministry rules was recently carried out on a Model T. Smith (1910), with footwear modifications. (Figs. 2 and 3.)

**Fig. 2.** Boots rather than shoes, for firm ankle-support at pavement take-off.

**Fig. 3.** Non-skid crêpe, for instant turning in own length.

**Fig. 3**



### SPECIFICATION : MODEL T. SMITH (1910)

Bore.—Tendency to do this, chiefly escape stories.

Stroke.—2, both on zebra crossings.

Clutch.—Lamp-posts or anything handy.

Shock absorbers.—In good shape, everything considered.

Unladen kerb weight.—180 lbs.

Laden " " (after shopping).—305 lbs.

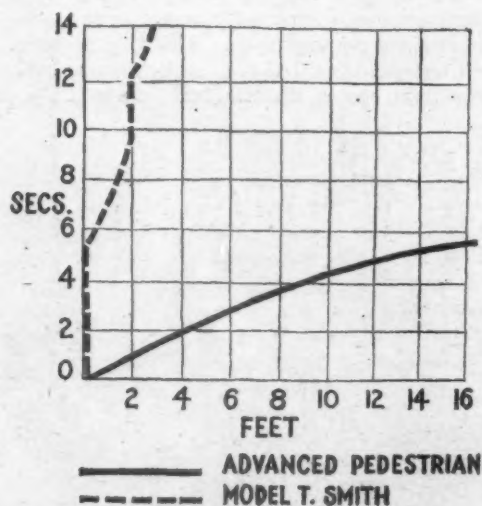
Maximum speed (pursued).—12.8 m.p.h.

" " (pursuing).—11.4 m.p.h.



### Key to diagram on left

- (a) 100 per cent eyesight.
- (b) 100 per cent hearing;
- (c) Split-second reaction from brain to limbs;
- (d) Correct heart position (*not* in mouth);
- (e) Lights (in working order);
- (f) Liver and
- (g) Spleen (under strict control);
- (h) Old fractures, if any, securely pinned and knitted;
- (i) Heels, for instant turning on.





training under exacting conditions. Saturday morning shopping peak-hours are ideal, when elderly ladies ahead, steering erratic courses and carrying two bulky baskets, may well play on the nerves of fellow pedestrians, causing them to overtake in the gutter. Marks, and even legs, may be lost in this way. The manipulation of portable articles is a specialized branch of advanced pedestrianism, and candidates are warned that examiners may desire them to carry some object, perhaps a child's play-pen or a nest of occasional tables. Should these become crushed or splintered, either by pressure against shop fronts or dropping in the path of oncoming vehicles during a leap to a traffic refuge, the incident will be the subject of adverse marking. The same applies to candidates required to manoeuvre children or old people over the test course. An ideal practice ground for the latter exercise has been found to be the entrance to a suburban Underground station during the evening rush hour.

The test course decided upon for the model T. Smith was of approximately two miles, from the junction of Grays Inn Road and Holborn to Marble Arch, with a given number of stops, starts and crossing. It was completed in forty-one minutes, with no ill-effects beyond a mildly-increased pulse rate and the loss of a patch-pocket on the open rear door of a reversing news-van.

On the whole, the Smith handled well, proving manoeuvrable in stationary traffic though less so when negotiating a moving stream. There were, however, two serious errors of judgment. Crossing Southampton Row (east to west) the candidate was too abrupt with his "My-right-of-way" signal (clenched fist waved above head), and caused two British Railways horses to rear suddenly, unsighting a double-trailer cement lorry which drew out from behind and ran over a Post Office Telephones canvas shelter, fortunately unoccupied. And at the westernmost zebra crossing in Oxford Street he made no fewer than five false starts, returning to kerb by jump each time, and was cautioned by a constable. Points lost in this way largely contributed to the withholding of a proficiency certificate, and subsequent accusations of ignorance and prejudice against the examiners may well have lost more.



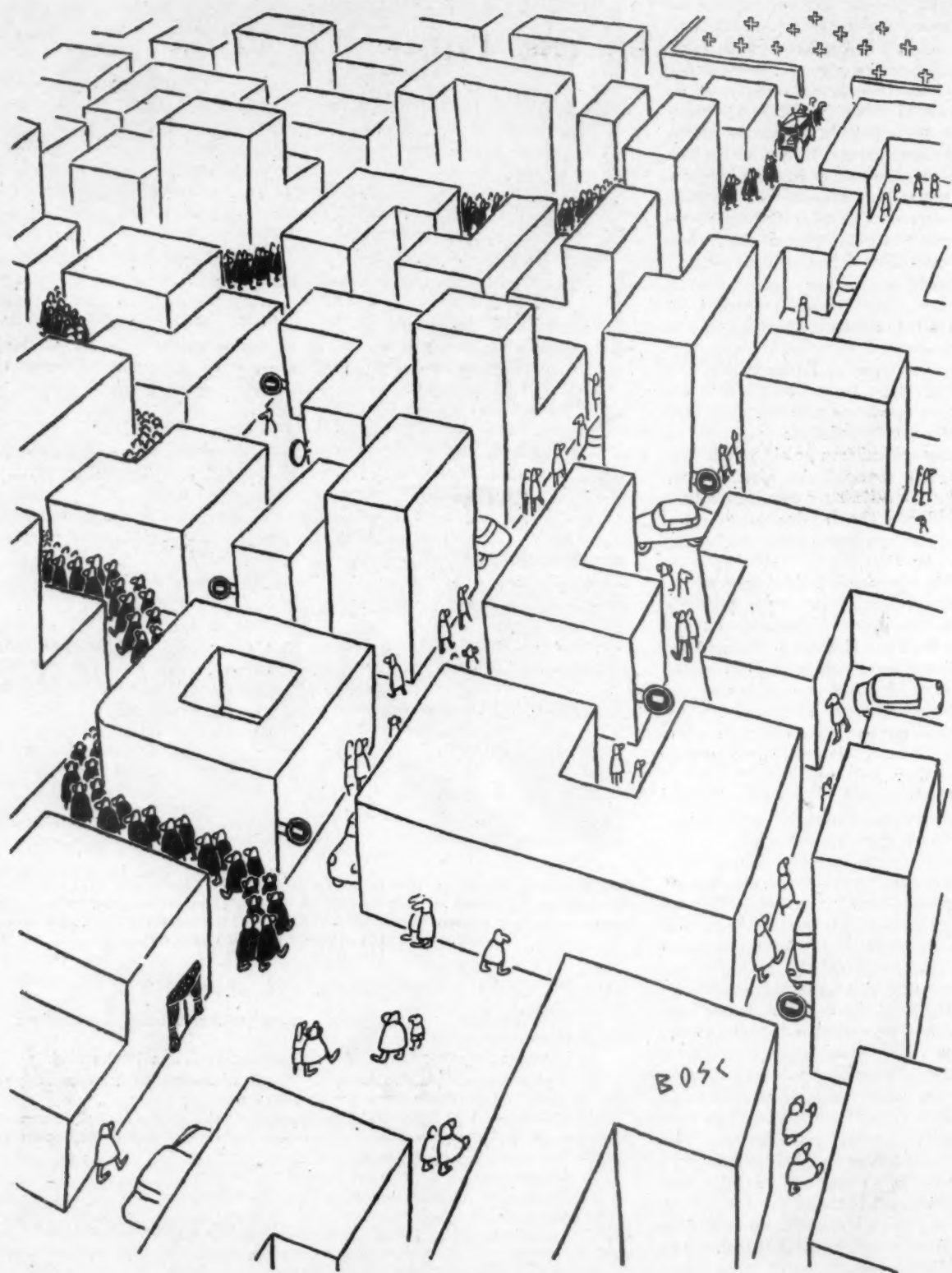
The Model T. Smith on the move in Guildford. There are many relics of the past to be found in this fine High Street. The sixteenth-century clock hangs from the quaint Guildhall. On the hill dominating the town can be seen the brick cathedral (still building).

#### EXAMINERS' FINDINGS

1. *Streetworthiness.* Mainly good. Some pinking at busier intersections, but normal colour soon recovered.
2. *Braking and Acceleration.* Up to expectations for a 1910 model.
3. *Concentration.* Below standard. Easily distracted by roadworks, young girls in short skirts, abuse from cab-drivers, etc.
4. *Courtesy.* Poor, particularly in the case of cripples and old folks obstructing footways and pedestrian crossings. Comments on crowds debouching from tube stations caused avoidable power wastage.
5. *Signals.*—Often ambiguous, sometimes offensive.
6. *Attitude to Animals.* Impatient (see incident with horses, above). Six dogs were kicked over the length of the course.

*Recommendations.*—The Examiners feel that tuition might be of benefit, with special reference to distance-judgment, zebra-wisdom and stops without warning to light a pipe, read the Stop Press, etc.

*Result.* Failed.



# Whose Face on the Lion?

By PATRICK RYAN

I DON'T know if it's the sort of thing that worries you, but for a long time now it's kept me brooding half the week. Monday and Tuesday are the worst, Wednesday and Thursday I get to worrying about money as well, and by Saturday, when the pool results are coming out, I've almost forgotten it completely.

Then, on Sunday morning, I get it full in the face again

## THE OBSERVER



Now, whose face is it on that lion? I know I've seen him somewhere before. That face was never put on by the artist who drew the lion. It's clearly a human face added as an afterthought. But whose face is it? That's what worries me. It has a Victorian cast of stern and dignified reproach. Is it Mr. Gladstone? Mr. Garvin? Even Mr. Butler, perhaps? At one time, I thought it was Walt Whitman, but I don't think so now. I know it well, that countenance . . . but just whose it is I can't recall.

I used to have a theory that the face of the reigning Editor of the *Observer* appeared on the lion, but I saw him once, sitting on a fence, and so I know it isn't him. During St. Leger week two years ago I met a man on Doncaster Station with just the features of that lion. I chased him over the platforms and out into the street but he denied any knowledge and fought me off with an umbrella before I could get his name and address.

It is undoubtedly a human face. I proved that when I took a copy of the paper to a keeper at the Zoo for expert opinion. He assured me that no lion had ever had a face like that. If by any remote chance it should be a lion's face, then the animal would be well advised to take a pull on itself. From the bags under its eyes it is either

spending too much time hanging around bars or—let's be charitable whenever we can—it's working too late and too hard at the office.

And, in my opinion, that thorn-bush leaping viciously up under its tail isn't doing anything for its morale, either.

But just whose face is it? I've had the name on the tip of my tongue so many times. Those sad, wise eyes, the patrician nose, the firm parental mouth which, come what may, will see duty done. A face clearly *en rapport* with the paper, responsible, concerned, and with a message to deliver. There's no doubt about it, that lion is definitely trying to tell somebody something.

So very different from the unicorn opposite, a flippant type looking vaguely into middle-distance, thinking of the fancy unicorn filly he was horsing around with the other night. Just look at his shield-grip! His hoof hangs daintily around making no pretence about holding his end up. He's leaving all the heavy work to the lion who has got everything on with his right paw to stop that shield falling on the reader.

No wonder he's so serious about the face . . . but whose face is it, looking at me so earnestly every Sunday morning?

I telephoned the *Observer* one day and asked them straight out, "Whose face on the lion?" But I couldn't get anyone to talk about it openly. The way they clammed up you'd have thought I was a spy or a nut-case or something. I believe they are all pledged to secrecy under a special Lion's Face clause in their contracts. After the hell they were raising a little while ago about professional footballers' contracts I'm surprised they stand for it.

But I wondered, when I saw the next edition of the paper, whether I had, in fact, got through to somebody's conscience. It seemed to me that some lay-out man might be using the front page to get a message through to the outside world.

At the top of the right-hand column, slap under the lion itself, there was a picture of the Archbishop of Canterbury and, at first glance, I thought I was home and dry . . . There was a definite

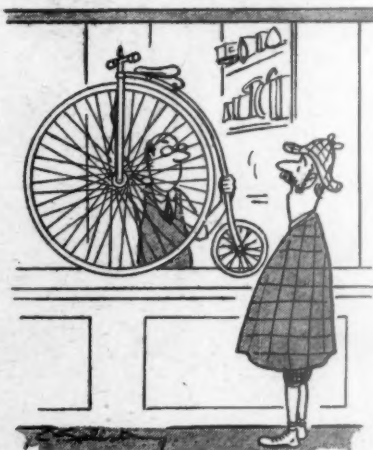
resemblance between his noble features and the grave expression on the face of the lion.

Did the *Observer* Trust, I wondered, contain a rule that the face of the lion should always be that of the reigning Archbishop of Canterbury? . . . Is it more than coincidence that the paper appears only on Sunday? . . . Does the lion with the archiepiscopal face stand above the word "Dieu" to signify that he represents the defender of things spiritual? . . . Leaving, of course, the worldly unicorn to preside over the "Droit," the human opinion side of things? . . .

For a while I thought I had the answer and slept like a baby. Then, to make sure, I blew up the two faces on an epidiascope and found that I was wrong . . . It's just a hopeful illusion, a printer's trick, and it isn't the face of the Archbishop after all.

So I'm back where I started, tossing and turning half the nights of the week, wondering where I've seen that lion's face before. As I said at the beginning, I don't know if this sort of thing has worried you in the past . . . but I trust it will from now on . . . Just you start thinking about it . . . whose face is it on that lion?

## LOST PROPERTY



"No! that's not mine—mine's picked out in orange."



## West Side Stories

## A Morning in Mexico

B. A. YOUNG goes south of the border, or almost

"YOU want to go down to Mexico and send a postcard, don't you," says Doctor Baerleiter accusingly. A tradition has grown up that I must send a postcard from every place we go, and I nod weakly. "I'm warning you," the doctor says, "if you want to spend the rest of your life in gaol this is the way to do it. You drive into Mexico and maybe you just scrape somebody's car, just *scrape* it, and you're in the calaboose for six months without a trial before they even let you talk to the consul. Boy, do they hate us! And what's with Tijuana anyway? A bullfight, and this Mexican food you can get

better in L.A., and a few loose women." "I just want to send a postcard," I protest. "I just want to cross the border and buy a card with Spanish writing on it and a Mexican airmail stamp and put them into a Mexican pillar-box." "Pillar-box schmillar-box," the doctor remarks, and we set out for Mexico, which is ten miles or so from where we then are in San Diego. The reason we are in San Diego is to visit the doctor's drinking aunt, who has taken us out drinking and pressed on us a whole case of bottled boysenberries, a fruit somewhat like loganberries only longer.

You approach Mexico along a

splendid six-lane highway. The border shows up some way off, for there is an arch spanning the road bearing the word MEXICO, pronounced of course in these latitudes Mehico. On a fine Sunday morning like this, Cadillacs and Chevrolets and Thunderbirds and M.G.s and Minx convertibles are hurrying restless Americans along all six lanes, and the Mehicans must be delighted rather than anything else, for there appear to be few formalities at the border, though a big notice warns that drug addicts will not be allowed to cross. We sail up to the arch along the inmost lane, and only then does the doctor's brother-in-law who is with us mention that he has seen a sign saying that if you do not hold a U.S. passport you are advised to call at the Immigration Office before crossing the border. I look for this office, but all I see is a Mexican with a drooping moustache and a carbine, and there are two lines of traffic between us and him, so we are quite some little way into Mexico, it could be as much as twenty feet, before we can stop and make contact with him.

He most co-operatively helps us to get the car into the side of the road without the least suggestion that we should go to gaol. "The Immigration Office is there," he says, pointing with his chin to a building the other side of the road and the other side of the border, about as inaccessible as it could be. "If you will go and speak to them I will help your friends turn the car."

Back in America a police sergeant sits inside an open window in the Immigration Office, a pen in his hand and a notebook before him. I have learnt to be wary of American police sergeants, but I hail him with a friendly "Hallo," which is Californian for "Good morning."

"Where were you born?" he replies unexpectedly, without looking up.

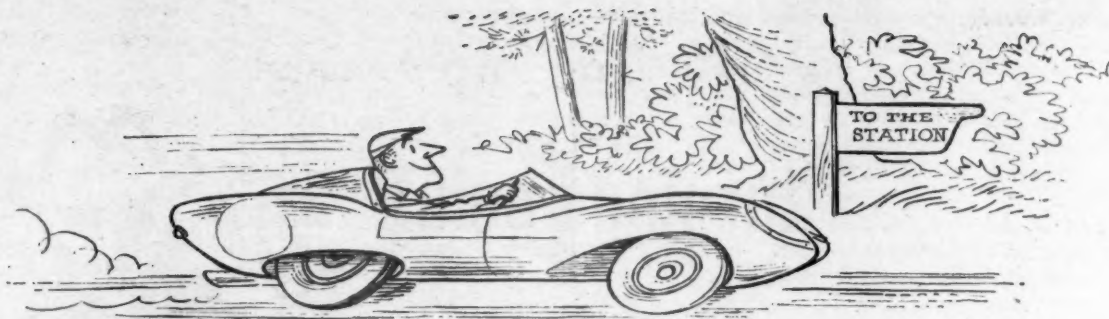
"London. Why? London, England."

"Have you brought anything back with you?"

"From Mexico? I haven't been there yet."

The sergeant now looks up. His eyes





are cold and blue. "Sure you've been there," he says. "You crossed that border outa Mexico one minute since."

I explain. "We went in a few feet but we came back because I haven't got an American passport."

"What kind of passport do you have?"

"A British one."

"Where is it?"

"Well, it's in Los Angeles."

The sergeant gives me a long cool stare. "It won't be much help to you there," he says at last. He makes me feel suddenly uneasy. If the Mexicans will gaul you for scratching the paint of a car, what will the Americans do when you have no passport and (as I discover when I pat the pocket of my Hawaiian beach shirt) no means of identification but an unposted card of San Diego from the air with an embarrassingly coy message on it?

"I simply came here," I say rather lamely, "because the sign says I must come here if I want to go into Mexico and I haven't got an American passport."

"Yeah, but you want to come out of Mexico."

"No, I want to go in."

"That's what you say now."

"Anyway," I explain, "my friends will be here in a minute with the car. They'll confirm what I say."

"They will?" There is a long silence. Three streams of motor-traffic ooze out

of Mexico, but the doctor's car forms no part of any of them.

A tiny brown Mexican and his tiny wife and two microscopic children appear before the Immigration window. "Excuse it, bud," says the policeman, and I move away. Immediately, Dr. Baerleiter's grey Pontiac sedan sweeps triumphantly under the arch. "There!" I cry to the policeman. But he is busy with the Mexicans, who have a problem on their hands which seems about to reduce them to tears; and in any case the doctor is firmly held on the inside lane and drives past without even looking in my direction. By the time the Mexicans have finished their business he is nowhere to be seen.

The policeman finishes writing in his book and turns back to me. "Now what is it, bud?" he asks.

"My friends. They came back. Only they've gone up the road a way."

"That's too bad."

The situation is now clear. I shall remain in this no-man's-land between Mexico and the United States for the rest of my life, unwelcome in either country, fed perhaps by picnic scraps thrown me by wealthy motorists as they drive past, sleeping in the lee of the Immigration Office. By this one act of carelessness over my passport I have turned myself into a kind of Wandering Jew, homeless for ever. I begin to walk away to start on my new

life, but at that moment the doctor's brother-in-law comes briskly down the road and explains to the sergeant what has really happened. "O.K.," says the sergeant—reluctantly, it seems to me. I am dismissed.

Together we go back to the car. Another American policeman stands by it. "Where were you born?" I hear him ask the doctor.

"Hollywood."

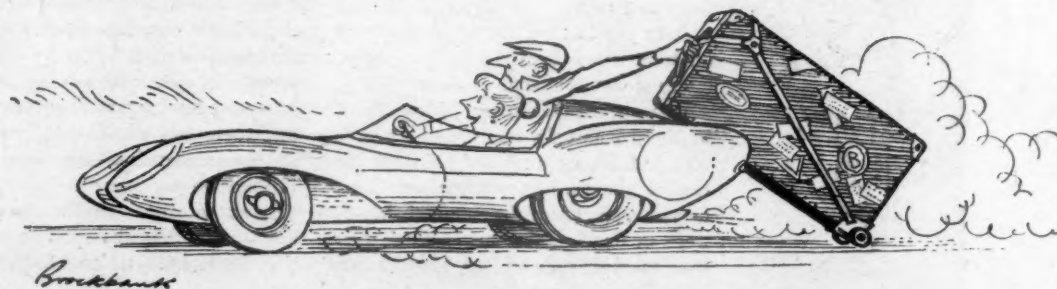
"Have you brought anything back with you?"

Patiently the doctor explains what we have been doing. "O.K.," says the policeman. "Will you open the trunk?"

"I told you there was nothing in it," the doctor says, leaving his seat with dignified deliberation and unlocking the boot. The policeman joins him at the back of the car and he throws up the lid. In the middle of the boot is a vast cardboard carton containing bottled boysenberries.

"Just get the car off the road, will you," says the policeman.

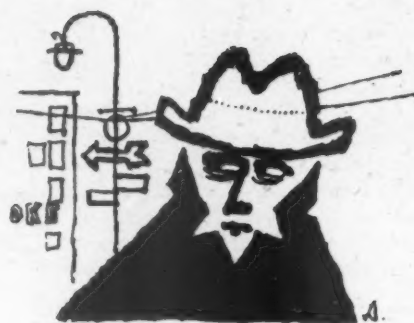
They do not actually test every jar for the presence of smuggled narcotics, but they do their work pretty thoroughly. By the time they have finished none of us has any desire left to go to Mexico, so we drive back into Coronado, where the discovery of something called *Ye Olde Hi-fi Shoppe* does a little to restore our mental balance.



*Brookbank*

A series defining moments of crisis and redirection in private lives

# turning point



## News-hound Fails to Find

By J. P. W. Mallalieu

THE fact that Al Capone was then at his peak was not the main reason why I went to Chicago in 1930, but it was one of them. I had always wanted to be one of those fearless reporters who drop over Niagara Falls in a barrel or hover behind the enemy lines in a balloon. Above all I had longed for shooting as I breasted saloon doors in the Wild West or tracked the man who was supplying those Winchester repeaters to the Indians; and by 1930 Chicago, with its Bugs Moran, its St. Valentine's Day massacre and its Big Bill Thompson seemed wilder and woollier than ever the West had been. I left the train at 62nd Street, nearest stop to the University, in some apprehension and yet eagerly.

During the two following years I never heard a shot. Though I hung around Cicero, heart of the Capone empire, I never saw anyone who even

looked like a gangster. I did see *The Front Page*, toughest of all newspaper films, and managed to spend a week in the press room of the Central Police Station where Ben Hecht had found the characters for his story, but all I found there were characters who wanted to show me photographs of their wife and kids. I did see Big Bill Thompson just after he had announced that he would bust King George on the snoot if ever he came to Chicago and while he was clearing out all pro-British history books from the schools; but he received me with the warmest friendliness, explained that his campaign was designed to attract the Irish vote at a forthcoming election and said that, once the election was over, the young of Chicago could be brought up on *1066 and All That*, for all he cared. After two years of dipping into the most news-full well in the world and coming up without a drop I felt that my future as a go-getting reporter was bleak indeed. Some English friends of mine, assured and reassured that Chicago was as peaceful as London, had come over on a visit and were held up by three armed men as they checked into their hotel; but nothing like that ever happened to me. However, I decided to have one last try and in an area very different from Chicago where, perhaps, my luck would change.

I had heard that in the mountains of southern Kentucky there lived a people who had been almost cut off from the rest of the world for some centuries. Once a year, when the mountain rivers were in flood, a few men risked their lives to guide rafts of logs, sawn during

the winter, through the vicious tide down to some distant saw-mill. But the majority, year after year, stayed at home, scraping a living from their barren hillsides. There were no roads—only the roughest of trails—by which strangers could enter with new ideas, so the mountain folk lived and worked as their ancestors had worked, singing the songs and observing the customs which they had brought from some remote part of seventeenth-century England.

Among these customs, I was glad to hear, was the blood feud. Because in years gone by a man had been shot, his descendants felt obliged by custom to take a pot at any male descendant of the assailant, and so *ad infinitum*. As there was no doctor within three hundred miles the mortality rate was high and the majority of those who survived carried buckshot in some portion of their anatomy. This seemed just the place for a real story.

But, of course, when I got there the blood feuds had died out. A rich Kentucky woman, appalled by the infant and maternal mortality, had somehow managed to build a chain of tiny medical posts, staffed by British nurses—since it was illegal at that time to train American women as midwives—and these nurses had quickly mellowed the mountaineers, partly by charm and partly by Scotch whisky specially imported for medicinal purposes. Not that there was any shortage of whisky in the mountains—the only impact Prohibition had was that when, once a year or so, the sheriff's officers were seen scrambling up the trails, all males over the age of ten spent the day hiding





in the long grass with their stills. But the imported spirit was less fiery than the local.

Despite this set-back, I set off with a guide to ride the mountains, along creek beds, up trails, down cliff edges, twenty miles a day from one little outpost to another; but all I found was that the nurses, once they had persuaded the countryside that they were not witches, were getting a lot of childbirth business, which seemed far removed from tough reporting. On the last night of my tour I felt resigned to leaving Kentucky, as I had left Chicago, without one experience or story to justify my claims to the job I wanted when I got home.

Then, as I drank my soup at dinner, there was a sound of hooves on the turf outside. A woman was expecting at Hazard Creek and her husband had come by mule to fetch the nurse. Off went nurse number one on her fifteen-mile ride through the twilight.

"Me for an early night," said nurse number two. "We never get two calls on the same night." Just as she said this there was the sound of hooves on the turf outside and, within five minutes, nurse number two was off on a twenty-mile ride.

This left me alone with nurse number three, and I noticed that she was looking rather pale. "This is only my second day here," she said, "and I've never done a birth on my own. I hope we don't get another call." At that instant, there was a sound of hooves on the turf outside.

Of course I rode with her, along open trails which, in the starlight, were hardly less gloomy than the overgrown woods through which we had to find a way. Crickets and bullfrogs accompanied us incessantly and so did some other invisible and certainly nastier animals, whose yelps in the darkness made me imagine things. However, in time we reached the expectant mother, lying a-bed in the usual log cabin with its one side open to the weather. The husband threw some logs on the dying fire and in its light I saw several shining pairs of eyes peeping from a coverlet at the strangers. Apart from the nurse and myself there were thirteen people in that small cabin, one of them—the grandmother—dead.

The nurse lit her oil lamp and set about her duties; but either because she was inexperienced or because the birth

was complicated, she seemed to get flustered. "For God's sake give me a hand," she said. "Here, hold the lamp." So there I was, looking on something very strange to me. I tried to watch as a good reporter should, but soon I began to feel sick, so weakly I shut my eyes and after what seemed a long time the lamp was taken from my hand and I found myself holding something that was alive.

The shame of it all was almost more than I could bear. I had had the chance of watching the experience of birth in these extraordinary circumstances, and instead of being cool and tough I had just felt sick. I would never make a reporter.

Then, from the back of my memory came an old story, told at school to illustrate the Darwinian theory, that if you put your finger under the toes of a new-born baby, the baby will hang there like a monkey; and that memory revived the last flickering embers of my reporting ambitions. I had a chance, a chance which surely would never recur, to test this story for myself. What a story that would make. I looked round the cabin. The nurse was still

busy with her patient, and all the others, even the husband, were fast asleep. I began to unwrap the baby; and then I made my fatal mistake. I looked at his face and when I saw it, so red and wrinkled and aged, I could do nothing but hold it close until the nurse was ready to take over.

So when I came home to England, instead of storming into one of the great national newspapers and becoming their star crime reporter I got a position with the old *Financial News* and have been stuck with the Stock Exchange ever since. Of course there have been moments—like the Pepper Pool and the Tin Ramp—and I once exposed a bucket-shop. But there's never been any actual shooting.

Further contributors to this series will be:

MARY ADAMS  
MALCOLM BRADBURY  
PHILIP OAKES  
JOHN WAIN



"He never was one for heights."

## Germans to Stay

THERE have been a great many Germans about this year. Almost every other family seems to have had its one or two young, healthy specimens, either of the paid, *au pair*, exchange, p.g. or just g. variety, all bent on learning English with the *right* accent and on studying the British way of life. You cannot tell, at a glance, of which kind any particular family's German is—they all look much the same in their very short shorts. But it doesn't make any difference. They all muck in with the family anyway.

Most people's Germans seem to like it here. For them, one has to remember, we are "Abroad," so that everything we do has an aura of typical British quaintness not observable in, and by, ourselves.

Young Germans nowadays are very broad-minded. Though they tend to have excessively Nordic names, like

FOR  
WOMEN



Siegfried and Gudrun and Horst, this is the only thing about them reminiscent of their vintage. They know, of course, that there was once some trouble in Germany with a madman, as a result of which they have a lot of new, efficient but traditionless towns. But they view with tolerant interest the poor old victors, still caught in the toils of conservatism and tradition, who have to muck along without any *Autobahnen*, and with the same old stations they had under Queen Victoria.

Speaking of which, it is really best to arrange for Germans to arrive at Victoria on their first visit, and to keep the rather special quaintness of Liverpool Street for the return trip. That hand-pulled, open lift in a sort of black chimney at the back, where you go in connection with registered baggage, is a bit much for anyone straight from shiny, continental stations.

The atmosphere at Victoria the night I fetched my German off the Ostend boat train was really quite gay and

matey. Punctually when the train was due we were told it would be an hour and a half late, so all we meeters had plenty of time to queue for the telephones, and to find out about last trains to Sevenoaks, Hemel Hempstead, etc. Then we queued for coffee among the Boy Scouts and parsons, doing their international goodwill, and the teddy boys doing nothing at all, before returning to the platform for the last, unannounced, half-hour's wait. This was less matey as we were all rather tensed up by this time, in anticipation of finding our respective German and of the ugly rush for taxis which would undoubtedly follow.

After recovering from being met, Germans usually settle down very well. To keep them happy you need plenty of tinned milk in the house, and should try to avoid cold meat more than five times a week. For all their broad-mindedness Germans are inclined to wilt under a prolonged spell of English cooking. The mind, after all, is one



## Cloud Castle for Sale

WHEN small, discoloured boys with sticky hair  
And grey suede necks and perforated knees  
No longer rend the calm suburban air,  
Nor swing with simian grins from perilous trees;  
When gentler little girls in cleaner clothes  
No more swop toys—or insults—with their brothers;  
When calm mid-life has brought hard-won repose;  
Will I discover—like so many others—  
That paintwork clean of paw-marks, kitchen neat  
And flower beds unadorned with clothes and toys,  
Are less enjoyed and less a home complete  
Than when a background for unceasing noise?  
Will I be glad to greet resurgent life  
When small grey grandchildren renew the strife?

— MARY VAUGHAN

thing, the *Magen*, or stomach, quite another, and you don't want to take any liberties with *that*. They like tea, and cakes, and jam, and any number of slices of delicious ham, but they shudder slightly at most of what the butcher brings in, and they can only "get down" our vegetables when they are lubricated with several pounds of butter. Final humiliation comes when huge parcels of very hard, very dry, brown bread arrive from Germany, accompanied by sausages of turgid appearance and high fat content, to be consumed upstairs between meals. If this happens you have failed, and had better have Irish or Poles or something next year.

Germans sleep a lot. Perhaps they are tired after the strain and stress of the economic miracle at home—or would this be more their parents? Anyway, we saw no signs of that fever of busyness which is reputed to have infected West Germany as a whole. They like sport, cars, tea, shaking hands and really good "chokes," but overwork? No.

A certain amount of culture, preferably traditional, should always be offered to Germans in order that they, and particularly their parents, may find the whole thing worth while. Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, the Tower, are of course essential, and if possible the Changing of the Guard as well. They have never seen soldiers marching hither, marching thither, in a traditional way before, and it amuses them vastly. If, however, you miss this because, as usual, it is at the other palace from the one you are waiting at, a clubman in Pall Mall, with bowler hat and umbrella, gives almost as much pleasure.

Seeing the Germans off is nearly as exhausting as meeting them, and a good deal damper. Sweating, as they frankly tell us, from the heat of the day, from all the good English woollens they have bought and are wearing because of the Customs, as well as from the emotions of parting, they clamber over the rucksacks into the *au pair* section of the train and lean out to give our hands a last, shoulder-shattering series of shakes. To a chorus of *Auf Wiedersehens* and a frenzy of waving the train moves out. Bleary-eyed in the heat we see-ers off-ers lower our aching arms and trail limply back along the platform, sorry to see them leaving us.

— FRANCES KOENIG

## A Letter from Paris

Phyllis Heathcote replies to Alison Adburgham

MY DEAR ALISON,—You know the Cardin *Boutique Homme* on the Faubourg? I always thought, as probably you did too, that it was entirely dedicated to such masculine addenda as matt satin shoes, astrakhan bow-ties, polka-dot hats and exquisite braces—the kind of thing they always show in the vitrines. But *Boutique Homme*, I now discover, is made of sterner stuff.

One evening last week we were shown a collection of Cardin casuals for 1960 ranging from pyjamas through knitted pourpoints to the *clou* of the show—a three-quarter coat in supple black crocodile. The party was held upstairs in the Couture salons and was the merriest of its kind since Fath showed his shotgun marriage bridal-dress. The first model, a straw-coloured silk corsair house pyjama ensemble worn by a model boy with tousled hair reading *Le Temps*, met with gales of laughter. And when he (was it Jean or Zoran?) whipped off the black satin belt and bared his chest there was no holding the party down.

I think this floor business had something to do with a new pyjama belt gimmick; but my attention was divided between it and our doyenne, Marie-Louise Bosquet, Directress of Harper's Paris office, who had just arrived in a teenage fluffy white mohair coat.

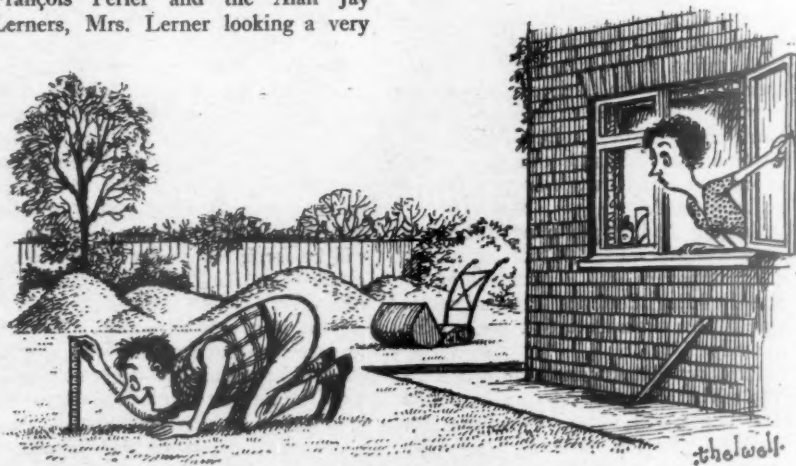
Her place had been reserved between François Perier and the Alan Jay Lerner's, Mrs. Lerner looking a very

Fair Lady in a low-cut black crêpe cocktail dress and a mink wrap. She is French as you know—a Pozzo di Borgo and before her marriage a leading woman advocate here. "Criminal cases," says Mr. Lerner with pride. The last I saw of them *Mrs.* Lerner was trying on the black crocodile coat...

You must watch out for a documentary film that will be coming to London soon. It has been done by the International Wool Secretariat and here the enchanting title is *Plaisir de Plaire*. How they will turn this into equally enchanting English I don't know. It's about wool, of course. From the sheep's back to the lady's. There are lovely shots in colour of the various processes at the mills (spinning machines and looms are madly photogenic) interspaced with sequences showing Messieurs Pierre Balmain, Guy Laroche and Pierre Cardin creating each a model. It is fascinating to see how they work and where. (Red velvet and gold mirrors seem to be their natural habitat.) What they wear at work is interesting too. Pierre Balmain goes through pangs and paroxysms in a natty spring suit. Pierre Cardin in an unbelievable jumper in one of Ascher's tortoiseshell mohair mixtures. You will enjoy seeing him place the inspired pleats that give that rounded line to his coat collars.

As ever,

PHYLLIS



"It's stopped, Hilda! It's stopped!"





### Victory Dance

THE burst of activity and cheerfulness with which the Stock Exchange greeted the election results (and, thanks to its "nose," anticipated them) was not manufactured in Throgmorton Street. Brokers and jobbers merely danced to the tune set by thousands of investors not only in this country but in New York, Zurich, Frankfurt, and other very discerning centres of financial intelligence.

For many previous months uncertainty about a coming election had been an understandable drag on the market. The moment that uncertainty was removed, and in the manner desired by most investors, there was bound to be a sudden and drastic adjustment of all investment values. It has resulted in the disappearance of fears of renationalization, dividend limitation, capital gains tax and other items in the Socialist locker.

What the election result did *not* do was to create a new economic heaven justifying a prolonged boom in equities. Every problem and prospect, good and bad, that was present before October 8 is still there to-day—save for the removal of election uncertainty and the assurance that there stretch before us five years of continued Conservative government and its promised "freedom." That one item of difference was enough to bring the avalanche of buying orders that has well-nigh overwhelmed the dealing and administrative machinery of the Stock Exchange and set up new records in the levels of prices and turnover of business. But if the boom continues at this rate the time must soon come when the word *cave* will have to be uttered.

Among the first problems of the new Government will be that of tightening the Companies Act. Circumvention of the Building Societies' regulations is one of the weaknesses that cry out for remedy.

The fact that any financial institution can advertise and circularize the public for deposits is another subject for reform. The Prevention of Frauds Act comes down severely on any offer of securities that does not conform with

the requirements of the law; but when a firm invites cash from the public "for purposes to be disclosed later" no official eyebrow is raised until the Fraud Squad moves in.

More effective than legislation is voluntary action by the City to set up codes of behaviour to be observed in financial dealings. The unit trust groups, which are again bursting with successful activity have, with one very austere exception, formed an Association which is to draw up a set of rules going beyond the regulation to which these organizations are subjected by the Board of Trade. The cachet of membership will add further to the attraction of new issues of units just made or pending by The British Shareholders International Trust, Orthodox, Unicorn, and an industrial newcomer from the Scottish Bank Insurance group. The unit trust movement is growing fast. A self-imposed code of discipline will



### Foreclosing on Failure

IN spite of the fact that one of the Big Five Banks has announced that it is now prepared to make large loans to farmers there has been little rejoicing in the countryside. Most of us are sufficiently in debt already. Of course this new credit scheme is aimed at the young farmer who wishes to buy and equip a place. But even these novices have greeted the Banks' announcement with mixed feelings. For as the national press reported, significantly without comment: "These new loans to farmers will be made for twenty years and not recalled so long as the farmer is *efficient*."

This is a new departure. We can respect the moneylender who says in effect "Your loan is all right so long as I get the interest regularly." But those honest days are gone, apparently. Now we have a bank judging a client's reliability by other than financial standards. Do bankers know how to

do a great deal more than legislation to keep that growth on the right lines.

The same can be said of take-over bids. No legislation could hope to tame and corral such an undefinable and, in many ways, so useful an animal. But the empirical take-over code which is now being hammered out by various City organizations at the behest of the Bank of England may succeed where legislation would fail. The quest for such a code was set in motion after Mr. Clore's abortive, but financially profitable, attempt to take over the Watney Mann Brewery.

The first and golden rule of the proposed code is that every effort should be made to avoid prior leakage of information about projected absorptions and mergers. Yet one of those who had drawn up the code "leaked" the text of it to one of the national newspapers—which just shows!

— LOMBARD LANE

judge efficient farming? Are they not confusing efficiency with profitability? What standards do they apply?

The farmer who rents three or four hundred acres and grows barley after barley may appear efficient with his combine and drills, he may very probably be able to pay the interest. But in agriculture efficiency can be judged only over fifty years. It depends partially, of course, on the amount of fertility put into the ground and kept in the ground. Can Lombard Street test that?

Or is the banker really coming out of his shell? He's always been the most powerful social force in the background. Has he now ambitions to come out of his parlour? Are we to hear next of loans to hairdressers so long as they snip properly, to tailors on condition the bank approves of the cut?

Now that the banks have spread their wings and moved into hire purchase and personal loans, individuals will be granted credit on condition they live efficiently, or die quietly. From means tests maybe we'll move to moral tests.

We in the country are consequently preparing ourselves for even larger overdrafts.

— RONALD DUNCAN

☆

"Credit Greenhough though with having Oakman snapped up . . . and then with clean bowling Ted Dexter as he prodded forward to a ball he should have let go by."

Daily Sketch Cricket Correspondent

You could get out like that.





## CRITICISM



### BOOKING OFFICE

#### The Stick and The Slice

**An Occupation for Gentlemen.** Fredric Warburg. Hutchinson, 21/-  
**Lawyer, Heal Thyself!** Bill Mortlock. Gollancz, 15/-

THESE books make an interesting pair. Superficially they are very unlike, but that is one thing that makes it revealing to consider them together, for there are basic points of resemblance. Both are autobiographical, both are by professional men. *An Occupation for Gentlemen* is the explicit autobiography of a publisher; *Lawyer, Heal Thyself!*—although it is described as “the autobiography of a solicitor” written pseudonymously—is (even if one takes every word of it to be true, but for the names) essentially a documentary novel. Its purpose is not to tell us the story of its author’s life but to use representative details of his professional activity to illustrate and explain his central, still unsolved

emotional problem. It may be regarded as a “typical-slice” autobiography, one disc from the stick of rock showing the words that go right through.

Mr. Warburg’s, on the other hand, shows how the rock was made and how the words got there: his is an orthodox autobiography, beginning with an account of his forbears and his recollections as a child early in the century. It is not till one-third of the way through his book that he even considers the profession of publishing and, to use his own phrase, blunders into it. Mr. “Mortlock” is twenty-seven at the beginning of his, and he comes out of the Army, takes his final exam and is in his profession on the first page.

The orthodoxy of Mr. Warburg as a writer is in fact quite surprising, when one considers that he was the co-founder (and at a most difficult time for new publishers—1936) of the firm of Martin Secker and Warburg, which built up its reputation by publishing books “so unusual or so unpopular that

established houses wouldn’t touch them”—many of them of a strongly Left political flavour. His style, his attitude, are far from suggesting the guiding spirit of such a firm. He indulges in a good deal of stately facetiousness, some carefully elegant writing (notably about Oxford, including a page-length summary of the plot of *Zuleika Dobson*) and a number of whimsical domestic duologues which would strike elderly readers of this magazine as in the real old tradition.

The professional self of Mr. “Mortlock,” however, one judges to be very much like his style, which is considerably heartier and freer and in its short, crisp, often flippant sentences suggests a spoken narrative. He has a gift for shorthand: “She was young, pretty and pregnant. ‘It looked like the Magistrates’ Court till she opened her mouth. Then I knew it was something else. She was too middle-class.” This is typical of his method. Mr. Warburg’s method is impossible to typify in a brief quotation; his gift is for the entertaining phrase or analogy. For example, in talking of his first mentor in publishing, Mr. Stallybrass, and his life work, *The Best Books* (an enormous collection, constantly augmented, of information about all the best books of every kind), he observes “It was rather like the labour of the Augean Stable . . . but in reverse.” And later, of Orwell’s *The Road to Wigan Pier* he suggests that to the devout members of Gollancz’s Left Book Club it must have seemed a “lemon in orange clothing . . .”

In both books, the attitude of the writer’s wife to his profession is crucial. It is the whole point of the “Mortlock” story: his marriage has gone to pieces because his mind is perpetually on the troubles of other people, his clients—and even at the end, when by taking the advice he has so often given to unhappy husbands he seems to be putting things right, it is clear that his life will go on much as before. Mr. Warburg’s wife on the other hand briskly lays down the law to him and gives him advice about publishing, and he is delighted, for it nearly always turns out to have been good advice.

### THESE LOOKS SPEAK VOLUMES

#### A Panorama of Publishers



5. J. DEREK GRIMSDICK

BORN 1910. Grew up in a family having strong publishing associations. The result was that from early childhood he never seriously considered becoming anything but a publisher. Entered the firm of Herbert Jenkins Ltd. in 1929, and in 1936 was precipitated into the managing director’s chair by the sudden death of two senior directors. Considers publishing is particularly rewarding in the enduring friendships it promotes with people of widely divergent interests and backgrounds. Of these there have been many, and prominent among them are P. G. Wodehouse, whose letters from America regularly enliven the morning’s mail, and W. Riley, now ninety-three years of age, whose novel *Windyridge* was the first book ever to appear under the Herbert Jenkins imprint.



Neither author, I am afraid, will relish having his book paired in this way with another so unlike it. I wish I could make some amends by clearly differentiating them in a couple of final paragraphs, with a description of the qualities in each that make it worth reading; but again, in each these qualities come down to the same thing—concrete detail. In Mr. Warburg's book, his experience as a nineteen-year-old officer at the end of the 1914 war, the reminiscences of real people (Wells, George Orwell, Lewis Mumford, C. K. Ogden and others), the inside details of publishing; in Mr. "Mortlock's," the entertaining stories of many different cases, innumerable character sketches of people involved in them, the way they are dealt with, the inside details of the law. And in neither instance, somehow, do we come to know the man himself.

—RICHARD MALLETT

## NEW FICTION

**Every Man Is God.** Raymond Postgate. Michael Joseph, 15/-

**A Twist of Sand.** Geoffrey Jenkins, Collins, 15/-

**My Friend Judas.** Andrew Sinclair. Faber, 15/-

For those not ashamed of nostalgia—and it would surely be madness to deprive ourselves of such an innocent pleasure—there is much happy browsing in *Every Man Is God*, which goes back to 1883, and in which the characters, though most are unattractive, have enough money to get around. What a pleasure to travel from the countryside in a Panhard-Levassor, and to get a personal word of commendation from Lord Kitchener! Mr. Postgate takes the first three generations of a rich and particularly bogus peerage, and follows them observantly; with sympathy, but also an open mind; when they are horrid, as in the case of the first baron, who whipped housemaids, he doesn't shield them. He works up a large and interesting fabric of English life, and peoples it vividly in an able novel, skilfully written. He has his fads; one is that the decline of T.B. owes nothing to doctors, another that the C. of E. clergy just before 1914 were very poor stuff. But he is very sound on the demobbed officers of 1919, who talked their strange mock-French slang that as yet owed nothing to America.

Should you want that old-fashioned panacea for the troubled spirit, a rattling good yarn, Geoffrey Jenkins is your man, with *A Twist of Sand*, that fairly doses us with marine adventure off the Skeleton Coast of South West Africa. This book moves fast, and one has hardly got the hang of one surprise before the odds against the hero's survival have been radically altered by the next. Time and again he seems doomed, but a man who

has learned in the back streets of Montevideo to tear his enemy's shoulders like cardboard and whose author is prepared to deploy a whole herd of zebra to save him from being shot can never die. The heroes of such novels are always fearless, and usually *sans reproche*; Mr. Jenkins departs from convention, regrettably, I think, by making his hard-bitten skipper a thief and a liar. He also introduces a gorgeous girl, only to put a bullet in her head before romance has bloomed, which seems a waste. Still, he knows what he is doing. It's very difficult to put his book down.

Having dealt with the army in *The Breaking of Bumbo*, Andrew Sinclair has turned his disrespectful attention to Cambridge. Any future social historian who unearths *My Friend Judas* and reconstructs from it the current pattern of our university life will have got some bizarre ideas. The hero, a most unlikely grammar school boy (his economics are never explained), divides his time between drinking and making love to his mistresses from the women's colleges and the foreign students. He and his friends have just discovered blasphemy and anarchy, and they talk a teddy-boy idiom queerly laced with film-American. Parts of the book are funny, for Mr. Sinclair is already adept at comic situation. His tearing high spirits and his insolence are rather engaging; when he finds a style he should write well.

—ERIC KEOWN

**The Dharma Bums.** Jack Kerouac. Deutsch, 15/-

Mr. Kerouac has written another of his ripping adventure yarns for late developers, as full of action as *On the Road* and as full of philosophy as the *Critique of Pure Reason*, only of course not so profound because his heroes go in for Zen, which, to Mr. Kerouac if not to D. T. Suzuki, is a very unprofound way of life. In their search for Dharma, or truth, our heroes climb a mountain, and drink poorboys of red port, and ride freight-trains, and yell at each other. They also go in for a Zen activity called yabum, which they claim is a holy ceremony performed in the temples of Tibet but in English is known as a gangbang. If it all seems very silly, we must not forget that Zen masters often do apparently silly things in order to enlighten their disciples. The sad thing is that Mr. Kerouac, though he is deliberately casual when he is writing "beat" prose, could obviously be a good writer if he tried, and in some of the outdoor passages in this book a quality comes through reminiscent of the early Hemingway short stories.

—B. A. Y.

## CREDIT BALANCE

**The Art of Radio.** Donald McWhinnie. Faber, 21/-.

By far the best book ever written about sound radio production. The standpoint is Third Programme, but the principles, lucidly expounded and aptly



"Don't annoy your father—he's feeling re-shuffled."

illustrated, apply to the whole field of the blind art from the Wednesday Matinee up.

**The English Channel.** J. A. Williamson. Collins, 25/-.

Fascinating slice of historical geography by leading maritime historian and one of the very best writers about the past. From ice-age to oil refineries on Southampton Water. Endpaper map shows the Adur debouching at Newhaven, a foul lie.

**The Elizabethans and America.** A. L. Rowse. Macmillan, 25/-.

The first series of Trevelyan Lectures. Learned, vigorous and picturesque study of exploration and settlement, not merely during reign of Elizabeth; anybody born in it or even showing sound Elizabethan qualities qualifies. Dr. Rowse on form.

**The Brink.** John Brunner. Gollancz, 12/6.

A Soviet satellite crashes in Nebraska and a humane Air Force colonel, disobeying orders, calls off the bombers that should automatically have set out for Moscow when it passed the D.E.W. line. The author doesn't explain how he knew, before it landed, that the missile had no warhead. The story develops politically and sentimentally. Topical, interesting, improbable.

## AT THE PLAY

*The Edwardians* (SAVILLE)  
*The Importance of Being Earnest*  
 (OLD VIC)  
*Man on Trial* (LYRIC,  
 HAMMERSMITH)

HAS any age ever seemed so utterly remote fifty years afterwards as the period just before the First War seems to us? I suppose two world clashes and a social revolution are quite enough to explain this, but even so it

is startling to feel so cut off from a time that in fact one remembers perfectly well as I felt at *The Edwardians*, Ronald Gow's adaptation of the novel by V. Sackville-West.

Mr. Gow has done his work well, and so has the producer, Alan Bridges. As a documentary of the life of one of England's presumably most stately homes, worthy to be ruled by a butler of Ernest Thesiger's quality, the play fascinates. Without a care in the world beyond the winner of the 3.30 and the preservation of the *status quo*, these elegant men and women move through the mazes of a crusted social pattern in which even "radical" is a word only to be written on lavatory walls.

On this plane the play is lightly and fairly consistently amusing. The house-party that flutters on the terrace at Chevron—a good set by Michael Eve and Hal Henshaw puts us architecturally at ease—is at every point pleasing to the social historians. Athene Seyler, as the outspoken dowager, exploding wonderfully from her bath-chair and screaming for her ivory back-scratcher; Nicholas Hannen, Richard Vernon and Anthony Sharp as a splendid gaggle of old heavy-weights of the sort that came down to breakfast in spats and in the winter demanded a warmed *Times*; Ambrosine Philpotts as the duke's mother, a delicious rattle; and Helen Cherry, as one of Somerset Maugham's errant heroines, all fit perfectly into an atmosphere of

glittering triviality. Outside this circle stands the Socialist explorer—the new kind of guest—and the current duke and his sister, just grown up and in rebellion against the Establishment.

The boy's passion for the Maugham heroine, married and twice his age, provides the plot, and though Jeremy Brett and Miss Cherry carry off the affair with bravura this is clearly too weak a motor for such a sumptuous cast—even

#### REP SELECTION

Bristol Old Vic, *The Man-Eaters*, until November 7th.

Colchester Rep, *The Elder Statesman*, until October 24th.

Bromley Rep, *An Inspector Calls*, until October 24th.

Playhouse, Salisbury, *The Long and the Short and the Tall*, until October 24th.

when boosted by the death of Edward the Seventh, which surprisingly hit England amidships. *The Edwardians* has undoubted charm and contains some delightful comic performances, but its story is really much too slight to sustain a whole evening in the theatre.

In comparison Wilde seems much closer, because his wit is so entirely untopical. It is seventeen years since *The Importance of Being Earnest* was

produced in London; if this gap is an indication of shyness on the part of managers they should go over the river to the Old Vic and listen to the way in which the play is being received. So far Wilde has stood the test of time so well that I begin to think he may have a good chance of survival, at any rate with this play, and probably a better chance than Shaw.

Memories of Edith Evans and John Gielgud are still strong. Michael Benthall's production has no such supreme comic glories to offer, but it has freshness and admirable pace. John Justin and Alec McCowen make excellent sparring partners, Mr. Justin as Worthing less poker-faced than tradition suggests, Mr. McCowen as Algernon more birdily insolent. Barbara Jefford is a beautifully condescending Gwendolen and Judi Dench a Cecily to be reckoned with; their tea-party scene is a joy. Fay Compton has a new and perfectly valid idea of Lady Bracknell, playing her not as a fire-eater but as a faded beauty accustomed to getting her way by subtler means. Rosalind Atkinson's Miss Prism netted more decibels, I think, than any other performance, and no one can deny that Miles Malleon was born to play Chasuble. This is a very enjoyable evening, and I only hope the roof of the Old Vic is in sound condition.

When I saw Diego Fabbri's *Procès à Jésus* in Paris, where it had a great success last year, I was impressed by it, in spite of the heavy demands it made on the audience. Admittedly the production was exceptionally good, with a number of striking actors in the cast, but the play seemed original and seemed to work. It was all the more disappointing to find in Chloe Gibson's production at Hammer-smith, where it is called *Man on Trial*, that parts of it appeared long-winded, and that its odd mixture of mock-trial, public debate and personal drama struck me as awkward.

A troubled Jewish professor is on tour with his tired family in one-night stands, at which they hold a trial of Jesus in an attempt to discover whether he was justly condemned or whether the Jews deserved their afflictions for their betrayal of him. The witnesses are played by actors, and interrupters from the audience are recruited by the stage; it is the old man's hope that by going over and over every facet of the history of Christ, very reverently, night after night, some new truth may suddenly dawn.

#### EXHIBITIONS

"Punch in the Theatre." Little Theatre, Middlesbrough and Civic Theatre, Chesterfield.  
 "Punch in the Cinema." Odeon, Kingswood, Bristol.  
 "Punch with Wings." Exhibition Hall, London Airport, from October 26.



Elias—DAVID KOSSOFF

(Man on Trial)

This is a fascinating idea, and in Paris it was strangely exciting. Here the witnesses seemed duller, their evidence less interesting. In the second half, when argument grows more general, interest picks up, but some of the power of the play is still missing. For instance, the entry of the old housekeeper to beg the court very humbly to leave her Lord alone is done perfectly adequately by Jean Cadell, but in Paris Andrée Tainsy made it unforgettable; and there I am afraid we have the answer. The loose construction of this play makes very good acting essential; at Hammersmith neither the company nor the production is quite good enough. I didn't feel that any blame lay with Lucienne Hill, the translator.

#### Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

*One More River* (Duke of York's—14/10/59), gripping drama about mutiny in tramp steamer. *The Hostage* (Wyndham's—22/10/58), understanding play about the Irish troubles. *The Ring of Truth* (Savoy—12/8/59), wise domestic comedy.

—ERIC KEOWN

### AT THE PICTURES

#### *North West Frontier* *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

THEY took off that good little film *The Rabbit Trap* so as to have a second cinema to accommodate all the crowds they expected for the great lump of schoolboy ham (with tomato sauce, marmalade, pepper, anchovies and honey) called *North West Frontier* (Director: J. Lee Thompson). This fact, and the absence of any other big film in the period under review, and the—to me—quite astonishing approval expressed by the other critics, goads me to write for the second week in succession about something I didn't like.

If anyone needs a demonstration of the difference the script can make, here it is, in spades. Remember that Mr. Lee Thompson directed that excellent piece *Woman in a Dressing Gown*, and then consider this. Reading the synopsis and the cast list beforehand, I judged it to have been deliberately contrived to the specification exemplified by, e.g., *Ferry to Hong Kong*—the CinemaScope colour spectacular with two or three big names being heroic, villainous or picturesque in some far-away, brightly-coloured place. I still think this, and I also imagine that somebody must have warned all concerned not to be too subtle.

It is the all-in-the-same-boat, or -train, formula, and the year is 1905. Rebellious Moslem tribesmen, having killed the Hindu Maharajah, are now after his little son, who with his American governess (Lauren Bacall) is got on to the last makeshift train from Haserabad by the dashing Captain Scott (Kenneth More). The necessary types to fill out a story of



[*North West Frontier*

Van Leyden—HERBERT LOM

Captain Scott—KENNETH MORE

sorts are then allowed to join them, and off they go into "the hills"—which are the best things in the picture (CinemaScope Eastman Colour photography: Geoffrey Unsworth). Bang-bang, ha-ha, oo look, how sad, bang-bang, ha-ha, oo look, how sad, and so on—repeat till it's time for the fadeout (the thing lasts for over two hours). Twenty minutes from the end, suddenly concerned about the absence of a love interest, they provide a brief kissing scene between Mr. More and Miss Bacall—with no preparation, no build-up, no warning, but simply on the assumption that experienced filmgoers will have recognized these two as the hero and heroine.

It makes me uneasy to write so sourly about a film; as regular readers may have noticed, I always like to pick out something to praise. What astounds me is the number of other writers who have praised this.

The only other film shown this time was the pretty little Czech puppet film that opened the London Film Festival at the National Film Theatre, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Director: Jiri Trnka). This, as a preliminary title told us, is from the "famous" comedy by Shakespeare, and much of it is charming and amusing to look at and, when there are only sounds and music, to hear. But to anyone with any feeling for words the spoken commentary is distressing. Delivered in a young woman's gentle voice with a hushed respect that even for Shakespeare's own lines would seem a bit excessive, it is, I take it, the result of translating into English pentameters some Czech writer's effort at a Czech

equivalent of Shakespearean language. Torture the syntax, sprinkle with "yeas" and "ays" and "nays," whenever possible put the verb right at the end, and it'll come out poetry—that seems to have been the idea.

Probably to contrive all that was necessary with actual phrases and lines from Shakespeare would have been too laborious; but infinitely better would have been straightforward, simple statement, in the manner of a plot-summary in a reference book—and as few words of it as possible. To put it mildly, in a puppet film movement and design are more important than words.

#### Survey

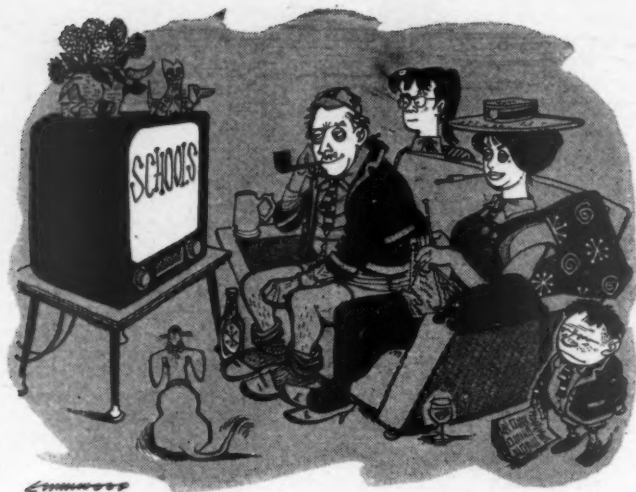
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The big news is Hitchcock's *North by Northwest* (review next week). Still in London: the quite fascinating *Anatomy of a Murder* (14/10/59), Bergman's *The Face* (7/10/59), the odd, uneven, entertaining *Les Cousins* (7/10/59), the four short stories *Gold of Naples* (23/9/59), and old funny faithful *I'm All Right, Jack* (26/8/59).

Most enjoyable release: *Ask Any Girl* (23/9/59). The new version of *The Blue Angel* (30/9/59) is very well done. The war film *Yesterday's Enemy* I didn't write about; I was surprised at the respectful notice it got from other writers, many of whom I believe were misled into thinking it important because it actually goes so far as to admit that British commanders as well as enemy ones may possibly, under the stress of circumstances, do inhuman things.

—RICHARD MALLETT





## AT THE OPERA

**A**ndrea Chenier (SADLER'S WELLS) AFTER being cold-shouldered by "main stream" impresarios in this country for fifty years, Giordano's piece, which has always been loved in Italy, turns up twopence-coloured at Mr. Tucker's theatre, revolutionary mobs, tumbrils, tears, tricoteuses, and all. Devised by Illica, who scribbled also for Giordano's rival, Puccini, the book echoes both *Tosca* and *The Only Way*. Some find it stilted, some stirring: to me it is both. The present production (by Anthony Besch, against scenery by Leslie Hurry) misses not a heartbeat.

The music astonishes most of the time not in its own right but by how close it comes to Puccini, the miss being (I admit) as good as a mile. Once you get over the ghostly feeling of Puccini-minus, the professionalism and lush period quality of Giordano's score may be compensatory. There is at least one great page: that part of the Revolutionary Tribunal scene where, to an orchestra-chorus plexus worthy of Moussorgsky, the women of Paris drop their trinkets into an urn to fund the *patrie en danger*.

The musical side (conductor Vilem Tausky) was defaced by new and "improved" acoustical arrangements. The orchestra now work (many of them tucked under the stage) in a deeper and wider pit which can be partly roofed over

## PUNCH INDEX

The indexes of PUNCH contributions are now issued separately. The latest, for January to June, 1959, may be obtained free on application to The Circulation Manager, PUNCH, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Readers who have their copies bound in the standard binding covers need not apply. The indexes are supplied with the covers.

—as happened on this occasion. In the old days the Wells orchestra was admittedly a bit raucous—although it rarely killed the voice parts. It is now whipped, tamed and subdued, except for the trumpets which, freakishly, are a little shriller than before. Charles Craig, Victoria Elliott, Peter Glossop and other singers ruled the roost excessively. Sometimes when Mr. Craig was in full cry, indeed, it was hard to believe there was an orchestra in the house.

—CHARLES REID

## ON THE AIR

### Kid Stuff

**S**PLENDID programmes are devised for schools viewing. I have no knowledge of their effect, but whenever I have watched samples they have seemed to me vastly superior to the occasional lantern-lectures I endured in my early years—of which, I suppose, they have taken the place. I detect no elaborately breezy chattiness, and very little overbearing pomp and circumstance. A short time ago, for example, I watched three items in the same afternoon, and I would judge them to have been, from the youngster's point of view, crisp, thoroughly intelligible, and above all useful. There was first a straightforward travel documentary about some aspects of the life and work of an aboriginal tribe in north Malaya, simply and directly filmed by Tony Beamish, who also supplied the commentary. This was in the series "Travel Talks" (BBC). Next I saw sculptor John McCarthy, in an A-R series called "The Craft of Hands," giving a most informative illustrated talk on the art of cutting stone, with glimpses of pieces of sculpture ranging from ancient Greek to contemporary abstract, and some fascinating practical demonstration. And finally an item called "Communities" in another A-R series, "Endless Adventure," which

is telling the story of our emergence from the primitive state. This instalment, bringing us to the invention of the wheel, was very well narrated by John Richmond, with carefully chosen pictures. I enjoyed it, as I enjoyed all three items: and I learned something from each.

Granada, for northern viewers only, have launched this autumn term into an impressive-looking series of half-hour lectures for schools. This aim is to give sixth-form students the opportunity of seeing leading scientists talking about their work, and the agenda includes such items as Professor Lovell on "Radio Astronomy and the Universe," Sir Alexander Todd on "Nucleic Acids," Sir James Gray on "The Science of Life: Accident or Design?" and Sir John Cockcroft on "How Nuclear Power Stations Work." This seems to me a most praiseworthy venture, and one nicely calculated to keep harassed science masters on their toes. But surely such a significant series deserves a wider showing? I myself, with my sixth form already a fading memory, would jump at the chance to dabble wide-eyed in nucleic acids at twenty-to-twelve some misty Thursday morning, and I'm sure a good many schoolchildren in the south wouldn't object to joining me.

It is from Granada, incidentally, that I have received some statistics on "normal winter viewing habits." The Granada Viewership Survey (I have no idea what viewership means and I'm not going to ask, because I don't wish to know) indicates that 53 per cent of women watch Westerns as opposed to 47 per cent of men, and a more useless piece of information I can't imagine. Eleven per cent of the "professional and managerial classes" watch drama, 11 per cent watch quiz shows, and 9 per cent watch discussion and feature programmes: the rest, presumably, are either frowning over the contents of their real hide briefcases or delightedly lisping through the jingles on the commercials. The most intriguing figures I can find (apart from the fact that 19 per cent of the people watching ITV children's programmes on Sunday evenings are adults—6,870,000 of them) refer to age-groups. A hefty 32 per cent of the 35/44-year-old group, for instance, watch the 8 p.m. ITV quiz shows, as compared with only 25 per cent of the 16/24-year-olds and 21 per cent of those over sixty-five. Even allowing for the members of the 16/24-year-olds who are very sensibly out enjoying themselves at 8 p.m. and for those over sixty-five who have already dozed off in a corner, these figures are encouraging. Quiz-show addiction, it seems, is a malady that sets in in early middle-age, possibly as a result of radioactive fall-out. Clear-eyed youth and wise old age are less susceptible. It isn't much, but we must hang on to every hopeful sign, before we all go crazy.

—HENRY TURTON

# The Great Shark Hunt

By WILFRED McNEILLY

WHAT you must remember is that *cetorhinus maximus* reaches a length of forty feet and a weight of six tons. Bear also in mind that this was the afternoon when Elmer was to call. Then picture a day of blazing sunshine, blue skies, painfully shimmering sea, and this little, ancient Irish port within sight of the Isle of Man. The stage is set.

Enter *cetorhinus maximus*, which any schoolboy could tell you is the basking shark or sunfish. He is cruising through the banks of plankton on which he feeds, great, credulous, gaping mouth gulping in the water at a barrelful a swallow, tiny, membraneous gill-rakers sifting it for every animalcule, diatom and alga. He has life pretty easy and apart from the gill-rakers is a ringer for Patrick Joseph who now sits in the sun beside the inner dock and the "Dock Arms," living also by suction.

Few are the worries of a basking shark but such as they are *cetorhinus* has them. Clinging to his vast body at various inconvenient spots are the fiercely sucking mouths of lampreys, their eel-like bodies wriggling and their little rasping tongues steadily eroding the substance of their host like gossip-writers at a cocktail party.

As every basking shark knows, there is only one cure for lampreys and that is rocks and shallow water. In with the tide came *cetorhinus* to rub his length against the old dock walls. This was when Patrick Joseph chanced to lower his glass and found himself to be gazing downward into a pair of unblinking, stony eyes which preceded an unimaginable length of body.

"Me first thought was," he confesses with disarming honesty, "He'd come for me already."

But while he still cast his mind over his more outstanding sins, Commander Foxe-Smith-Flaherty bore his beard towards its afternoon gin and chanced to glance water-ward.

"I say," he said, "there's a shark in the dock."

The word shark must be one of the most dreaded in the English language. Also it must be the most carrying. Ten seconds later there were three hundred and ninety-five people gazing down into

the water, silent in awe. Within the minute there were a thousand. From every direction cars were streaming. And bathers were leaving the waters near by with a haste that bespoke their lack of confidence in Hans and Lotte Haas.

It was at first a hushed and appreciative crowd, admiring the grace and power of the long, sinuous body that glided beneath them, brown and shadowed and marvellous. Round and round circled *cetorhinus*, unwitting of his watchers.

Then his dorsal fin broke the surface and it was exactly like a shark's fin in a story, a black, sinister triangle cutting through the water. A shudder ran through the crowd.

Someone threw the first stone. Then the whole surface of the dock fountained spray.

"A shark. Kill it!"

It was vain to explain that *cetorhinus* was of the most harmless and amiable breed. Not, indeed, that the stones harmed him. With his tough hide of genuine sharkskin any stones that did strike bounced harmlessly and painlessly away. However, the shock waves from the plunging stones did discommode him somewhat and it was noted how he shied away from each stone-fall.

The situation was chaotic and repellent to the Commander. "Stop it," he trumpeted in his quarter-deck voice.

Hushed and startled the crowd turned towards him. A low, hungry murmur started somewhere in the background. "You're not going to let the brute escape?" demanded a holiday-maker from, as it happened, Putney.

The Commander did not answer him directly.

"If everyone throws stones in every direction," he cried, "we'll drive it





"Last year was a peak year and this one promises to be even better, I fear."

back out to sea. We must concentrate our fire-power at the entrance to the dock. Every time it tries to get out we'll give him a broadside."

Swiftly ammunition parties were organized, and now each time the shark approached the entrance to the dock a smartly delivered broadside churned up the foam at his nose.

In time the crowds attracted the attention of the police. The Sergeant displayed a humanitarian outlook which would not have been expected by any who had encountered him while driving an untaxed car. "Why don't you let the poor thing go instead of tormenting it that way?" he demanded.

*Cetorhinus* continued to circle. Stones continued to hedge him about. The water continued to fall.

The Sergeant approached the Commander.

"If that shark's body is left to decay in the dock," he said, "it will be a

public nuisance and I will be holding you responsible."

"Don't worry, sergeant," said the Commander. "The carcass will not rot. We shall sell it to a fishmeal factory."

The Sergeant looked doubtful. The Commander took him aside.

"Would you take the responsibility of letting that creature go out into the sea? Suppose this night a fisherman's nets are destroyed? Suppose a man is pulled overboard? Could you swear that that fish was not the cause? Anyhow, they're mad for blood and you'd never shift them now."

Patrick Joseph's mind, meanwhile, had clicked into top gear at the mention of selling the carcass. If there was money to be made...

The net he brought then and strung across the mouth of the dock had been keeping the birds off the Rector's strawberries for many seasons. It might

have held an anæmic herring. Then again it might not. But it looked very impressive hanging there and it helped to harden the resolve of the crowd. Now, they felt, everything was plain and above board. Weren't they helping the poor fishermen?

*Cetorhinus* began to show his back and it was noticeable now that part at least of his purpose had succeeded. The lampreys had gone.

"Stones," screamed Patrick Joseph. "Keep him back from the net for God's sake."

More and more of *cetorhinus* showed above the surface. The vast tail threshed and the curiously snake-like head writhed and twisted above the surface. Now he was thoroughly trapped. There was no longer water enough for him to escape even if he dared the barrage.

And now, of course, there was a mass revulsion. "Ah, the poor thing... Sure, they shoulda let it go..." The Cruelty shoulda stopped it... Angry glances centred on the Sergeant. He should have gone on holiday. There was no way for him to win.

*Cetorhinus* died swiftly in the mingled mud and water and seemed not half the size or a quarter as interesting. Shame-faced, indignant, the crowd drifted away in a medley of all the accents of the United Kingdom.

A rope and thirty men pulled the shark on to the slipway and we were waiting for the fishmeal lorry when Elmer arrived.

"Say!" he gasped. "Sa-ay! That's some fish."

"Ah, sure, it's only a wee wan," said Patrick Joseph.

In Elmer's face the Glockamorra was avenged, the Niagara Falls reduced to a trickle and the Empire State Building shrunken to a wayside kiosk.

Then we got down to quarrelling over the ownership of the fish.

☆

"NEW FORD ANGLIA IS A STUNNER."  
Daily Express

Aren't they all?

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